

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 379

Week Ending
JUNE 26, 1926

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

A BEAR FLOATING TO ITS DOOM

See
Page
Two

TRAVELLING INTO YESTERDAY

HOW A RICH MAN DOUBLED HIS BIRTHDAY

Odd Little Story of the Flight Over the Pole

CATCHING UP THE DAY BEFORE

Would any boy or girl like to have two birthdays in one year?

It is quite simple. All they have to do is to arrange with Captain Amundsen to take them over the Pole in his airship so as to get there just as the birthday presents are due to come in.

That is what happened to the chief passenger, Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth, the rich American who made the Amundsen voyage possible, and whom Amundsen was carrying when the Norge crossed the North Pole.

A Glorious Birthday

Just before midnight on May 11 the white ocean of woolly fog beneath the ship rolled away. The sun came out, they saw the airship's dark shadow moving across a frozen ocean, and Mr. Ellsworth exclaimed with joy that he was going to have the most glorious birthday of his life. He was going to spend it crossing the Pole!

So they drank his health in tea, steaming hot, and Amundsen handed to his friend the metal cup that he had taken with him to the South Pole. Mr. Ellsworth drank his own birthday toast in the cup that had crossed two Poles. What a birthday!

The sun went on shining; the Norge went on steadily making history; the eastern hemisphere of the globe fell behind her. She crossed the Pole before one o'clock on the next morning and had made a day of it such as everyone will always remember.

A Day Gained

But the Norge had done better than that. As she crossed the Pole from the eastern into the western hemisphere she had caught up the day before. In the western hemisphere Mr. Ellsworth's birthday was only just beginning to arrive. Like Mr. Pott in Jules Verne's story of Round the World in Eighty Days he had gained a day, and he had gained it in the twinkling of an eye, as the Norge crossed the Pole. By a happy coincidence the day he won in this way was his birthday.

It may be a long time before any of our readers is able to follow his example; but some day, when the transpolar airships run as regularly as Transatlantic liners, the C.N. will doubtless have to chronicle special birthday trips to the Pole, two birthdays in one!

There is of course the other side to the picture. The day is only to be gained by going one way. The passenger from Spitsbergen gains a birthday. If he had gone the other way he might have lost it altogether!

Henry of Agincourt



Henry the Fifth as he was represented in the Aldershot Tattoo, where three famous battles were fought over again—Hastings, Agincourt, and Balaclava

A LIFE'S WORK LOST TO THE WORLD

HERE is a poignant tragedy from Johns Hopkins University, America:

Dr. Aaron Ember, a professor at the university, had been working for ten years on a book which was to show that the language of old Egypt was of Semitic origin, akin to the language of the Jews and the Arabs. The book was to have been published next year.

He was awakened the other morning by fire. Leaving his wife to save their

child, he rushed to his library to save the precious manuscript. He was seen later on the porch roof, clasping the manuscript amid the flames, and, though he was rescued, he died in hospital two days later.

Only a few sheets of the book were recovered. They were found on the lawn and in the ruins of the library. His wife, unable to rescue their little son, had perished with him.

THE ASHES

WHAT AND WHERE ARE THEY?

The Pride and the Prize of the Great Test Matches

A PRECIOUS URN

Are there any Ashes for Mr. Collins and the rest of the Australian Eleven to take back with them, or for English cricketers to keep when the last of the rubber of the Test Matches has been decided? Or are they a mere form of words, which nevertheless indicate a relic more precious to English sport than many which have a real existence?

How the expression The Ashes came into existence is well known. In 1882, when Australian cricket had still its great name to make in the world, the Australians sent over here a great eleven which included such giants of the game as Murdoch, Bannerman, and Bonnor, Boyle and Palmer, and the demon bowler, F. R. Spofforth, who, after living many years among us, died in England the other day.

In Memoriam

In a great match at the Oval the Australian bowlers rattled out the tremendously strong batting side of England in the second innings and won an astonishing game by a few runs. The result caused humorous consternation because nobody had believed the Australians could win, and in a sporting paper that week someone wrote a jocular epitaph on the event:

In affectionate Remembrance of English Cricket, which died at the Oval on August 29, 1882. Deeply lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances. R.I.P.

N.B. The body will be cremated, and the Ashes taken to Australia.

The epitaph was reproduced as a black-bordered In Memoriam card and sold in the Strand for a penny, and from that the expression of taking the Ashes to Australia or bringing them back arose.

But there was once an attempt to give the mythical Ashes reality. When the Hon. Ivo Bligh took out an English team to Australia next year to redeem them some ladies in Melbourne bought an earthenware urn some five inches high, filled it with ashes, and sent it to the English captain just before he sailed.

Forty Years in Kent

He brought it back with him, and the urn and its ashes have now remained for over forty years in the house at Cobham, in Kent, where Lord Darnley, as he has since become, lives. The house became a convalescent home during the war, and 1,400 Australian officers passed through it. They always asked to see the Ashes, and Lord Darnley used to take them round the wards.

So they are not entirely mythical, but at all times and in all seasons they are more valued than any Cup—Walker Cup, Wightman Cup, even America Cup—that has ever been offered.

AWAY ON AN ICEBERG

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THE POLAR BEAR?

A Pathetic Adventure off the Labrador Coast

ALONE ON A FLOATING ISLAND

At last the long Polar night was ended. The red Sun bowed round the horizon, the winter ice began to crack like gun-fire, and, amid a crash that sent the sea-birds flying, the 20,000 ton iceberg broke off from the glacier and plunged into the Labrador current. It carried as pilot and passenger a solitary Polar bear.

So the story begins, and what a great adventure it was for the bear! Alone on the North Atlantic; a kingdom of ice all to himself; and free fishing and swimming all around him. There would not be much to eat on his island, unless an odd seal or two were sharing the voyage with him; but the Polar bear is used to collecting his meals as he swims, and when he wanted his dinner all he would have to do would be to drop overboard and fish for it.

That is the bright side of the great adventure, which might also have a happy ending if the berg drifted on the current, as bergs do, till it bumped on the coast of Iceland—a new home away from home.

Home Becomes a Prison

But not all Polar voyages end as propitiously as that. Sometimes, as the berg glides southward and ever southward into the summer sunshine, the ice melts in the warmer water. The bear's home dwindles and dwindles till it leaves him at last with no visible means of support. He dare not, cannot, leave his icy home which has now become his prison. He may lose it if he ventures too far a-fishing. For him awaits the fate which the poet pictured for the hungry pike which had eaten up all the fish in the pond of which he was monarch, and who swims round it

Revolving sullen things,
But most the blind unequal law
That rules the food of kings.

Let us not, however, look on the darker side of the story. The Polar bear which set the story in motion was seen by the passengers on a Hamburg-America liner, 1100 miles out at sea; and at that time the berg was still 2000 feet long and 100 feet high. The passengers saw the bear clambering about the berg. He had still a long voyage wherever it led, and perhaps it led to a brighter, greener land where codfish in plenty await him.

A BIG CITY'S MOUNTAIN TOP

Ten Minutes to Climb It

The fortunate people of Vienna are now able to enjoy the delights of sports on a peak 5000 feet above sea-level within little more than two hours of leaving their front doors.

Austria is, of course, one of the lands of the Alps, and at holiday times the call of the mountains is strong among the city folk. The Rax Alpe, a journey of 110 minutes from Vienna by train, has 140 paths to its summit worn by the feet of countless travellers.

The trouble is that the climb takes three hours in the ordinary way, but to get over this difficulty a suspension-railway has been built up the mountain by which people will be able to ascend 3300 feet in ten minutes.

The President of Austria opened the new line the other day.

HANDEL THE GREAT

MUSIC RINGING DOWN THE AGES

The Famous Festival at the Crystal Palace

TOO MUCH EDITING

By a Music Correspondent

Once again thousands of people have been on pilgrimage to the heights of Sydenham to render loving homage to one of the supreme masters of music. The Handel Festival, recurring each third year, has come and gone.

Three thousand of the most accomplished vocalists in the land, aided by 500 of the country's finest orchestral players, listened to by immense audiences, have given an enchanted week to the works of a man who for a century and a half has lain asleep in the Abbey.

No other musical festival excites such enthusiasm or attracts such a concourse of listeners, and the reason is clear. Handel charms and enthral us by a majesty, a grandeur, a loveliness of melody and harmony which lesser composers affect to despise. As ugliness and distortion often pass for Art in modern painting and sculpture, so, too often, noise and discord are hurled as music at our offended ears. In Handel's operas, incidental music, and, above all, in his oratorios, we have beauty allied to sublimity, the most exquisite melody wedded to harmonies such as angelic choirs might sing.

A Zone of Silence

This year we have had much from his neglected operas, the oratorio Israel in Egypt, and, of course, the Messiah. The festival was notable for the retirement of Sir Frederic Cowen, after his many brilliant successes as conductor, and the substitution of Sir Henry Wood.

Sir Henry Wood prepared for his task by rescoring much of the orchestral music, and in the Messiah, at any rate, the innovation was not entirely welcome.

There were passages in which Sir Henry kept his orchestra down to such an exaggerated pianissimo that they seemed to have ceased playing; and the exquisite Pastoral Symphony was quite ruined for thousands of listeners. The Crystal Palace centre transept is a huge place, and no man should conduct a concert there until he has listened from the back rows of the guinea seats. He may then find himself in a zone of silence during passages too softly played.

Superb Singing

Nevertheless, much of the work was fine, especially by the great choir. Once or twice vocalists and orchestra were not together, but, on the other hand, several choruses were so superbly rendered as to make one feel that better singing can never have been heard.

For another three years Handel will be left to smaller choirs, but voices that sing him are never silent, instruments that play his music are never at rest. There never was another musician so intensely alive as he. His spirit breathes through all his work; in this latest festival he seemed in our midst once more, a giant, a king.

But let us have the Handel we know and love, not any modernised version, no matter how talented the hand of the editor may be.

A TOUCH OF HUMANITY

Bath's Good Example

Bath, the Queen of the West, has done a queenly thing in joining the rapidly-increasing numbers of cities and towns that have ensured the use of the humane killer in all future slaughter of animals.

Surely it will not be long before this becomes the universal British custom, as it is in Australia. The Motherland must not lag behind her children in such a question, affecting the welfare of thousands of living creatures.

POOR EMPEROR YI

The Last King of His Country

HOW HE WENT HOME

In Korea the last Emperor has gone to his tomb.

It has happened in our time that in the slow-moving, ponderous East a new Empire has sprung full-fledged into being in Japan, and in Korea an age-old Empire has dissolved before our eyes.

The one occurrence is the consequence of the other. Japan is modern of the moderns, Korea is ancient of the ancients; and the two have clashed together in the current of Time like the brass pot and the brittle vessel of clay.

First the Korean Empire became a nation of no account, a mere tributary to more powerful neighbours. Next the long line of kings of the Korean Dynasty was removed from the high places. Last of all, the last Korean Emperor, a king without power, a ruler without control, a subject prince, has died.

But Korea has not forgotten what he was, or in what relation he stood to their last hopes. They could not give him back his throne; they gave him the funeral of an Emperor. His body was borne to a tomb carved in the rock of a mountain, as if it had been that of a Pharaoh who rests in the Valley of the Kings. Twenty thousand of the troops of the subject nation lined the way from Seoul to the mountain eight miles away, and eighty thousand Korean students and common people followed after the catafalque, which was borne by 2000 men who carried it in relays. Musicians and priests in hundreds were in the great procession, and it seemed as if the king were truly laid to rest amid the tears of his people.

Poor Emperor Yi of Korea. Nothing became him better in his life than his manner of leaving it.

KITCHENER ON PARADE AGAIN

The Dignity of a Simple Man

Not very far from the Cenotaph, which commemorates all our dead of the Great War a new memorial has been raised to that one among them, Lord Kitchener, who called the armies of Greater Britain into being.

His statue stands on Horse Guards Parade, exactly behind the Prime Minister's house. It is the memorial to one who like the others is one of "The unreturning brave, the brave who will return no more."

It is a statue carved by a great sculptor, Mr. John Tweed, who was also the sculptor of another man who loved England, Cecil Rhodes, and it is a work that in its simple dignity worthily recalls the man whom all knew as Kitchener of Khartoum. It was unveiled by the Prince of Wales, who spoke nobly of the man whose hand had laboured in the North and in the South of Africa, and whose devotion, whose high courage, infinite industry, and infinite patience, raised him to the position where he imperishably stands in history.

The words were noble, like the man of whom they were spoken; and if anything is as certain as Lord Kitchener's place in her history it is that, with all his ruggedness and aloofness, he stands imperishable in the heart of England.

We are glad that Mr. Tweed has given us our hero as a plain man, without the sword or any other suggestion of brute force such as is too common on some of our soldier statues.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Carnegie Kar-neg-e
Diocletian Di-o-klee-shan
Korea Ko-ree-ah

GENEVA LIGHTHOUSE

TO SHINE ON THE WORLD'S DARK WAYS

Life of Women and Children in the East

80,000 WOMEN IN JAPANESE MINES

By Our League Correspondent

At the International Labour Conference the other day in Geneva the I.L.O. was called a lighthouse, set in the world to keep burning brightly the light of justice and humanity; in other words, to see that fair conditions are secured for the workers of the world.

This year the light has glared rather fiercely on Japan, a country which claims our admiration for the tremendous progress it has made and continues, and the earnestness with which it sets about its life. But there is one urgent matter in which it still delays. Women and children are still allowed to endanger their health and strength by working through the night in factories and toiling underground in mines.

The Japanese workers' delegate at Geneva stated that of over 80,000 women employed in mines half work in the very darkest depths, and of these about 700 are girls under 15. Surely Japan will not care for that fact to be known to the wide world!

Two Days Holiday in a Month

At an International Labour Conference a few years ago delegates decided to urge their home parliaments to introduce laws providing that women and children should have at least 11 hours freedom from work during the night, and also a weekly rest-day. Japan agreed to do this, yet all that has so far been passed is a Factory Act forbidding women and children to be employed between 10 p.m. and 5 a.m., and giving them two days holiday in a month. Even this only begins in 1929.

One of the sad things about this is that, while Japan stays so behindhand in this matter, China sees no reason for making improvements; as Japan is supposed to lead the Eastern world.

In the Japanese factories there are three times as many women as men, and much of the nightwork is done by them. In this way goods can be produced and dumped into India more cheaply than they can be made in Indian factories, because nightwork for Indian women and children has been forbidden and double shifts are not possible. This competition is unfair to India, and shows clearly the need for the efforts of the I.L.O.

THINGS SAID

Freedom is the best treatment for error; penal measures are the worst.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

There is no toil like trying to mend things, trying to make the world better.

The Prime Minister

We do not fight for liberty with half the zeal that we fight against it.

Dr. F. W. Norwood

The whole world is looking for leaders: men of personality, sympathy, and ideals.

The Duke of York

For its respect of law and order Britain has been, is, and will continue to be, a shining example to the world.

Judge Gary of New York

There existed 50,000 years ago men who, if they came to Earth again, could walk along Bond Street without attracting the slightest attention.

The Abbé Moreux

In the outer world the names of the tradesmen of Eton are often far better known than the names of the Provost, the Headmaster, or the Captain of the School.

Lord Cavan

June 26, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

3

GETTING INTO U.S.A.

LADY ON ELLIS ISLAND

A Liberty Bond and the Liberty of America

NURSE'S EXPERIENCE

The other day we heard a lady relating her experience of Ellis Island. She is a nurse, who was accompanying someone to Chicago.

When the boat arrived at New York she was kept standing on some stairs for two hours, waiting to pass the immigration authorities. At last her turn came. She was weary and impatient already, but her feelings were soon a hundred times worse, for there was some slight technical defect in her passport, and she was told that she could not land or communicate with the shore.

"But what shall I do?" she cried, greatly worried, for her employers had got through long before and had gone to an hotel.

The Helpful Baggage Man

"You will be detained at Ellis Island," replied the officer in charge.

The poor woman was bewildered by the shock, and by the fear that she would be deported like a criminal. A baggage man, who was English, saw her distress, and said: "You must let friends on shore know what has happened—it's your only chance." She told him that she had been forbidden to communicate with the land. "I know (he said), but you must manage it somehow." So she contrived to get a fellow-passenger to promise he would telephone. Devoutly hoping he would not forget, she joined the dismal crowd of undesirable aliens, who were shepherded on board a dirty tug, and set off for Ellis Island.

Ellis Island Horrors

This famous isle is close to the Statue of Liberty, at the mouth of the Hudson River. The people who are kept there are guarded like prisoners, but plenty of good plain food is provided. The tables are covered with spotless paper, and paper napkins lie before every place; but even this cleanliness could not make the nurse eat.

Her fellow aliens were mostly dirty. It was a hot day and all the windows were shut. The attendants told her she must eat, as she might be there for weeks, but she could not swallow. After the others had finished they were all shepherded into a large waiting room, as hot as the dining-room. Here were many papers and magazines. The poor nurse sat down with Punch and tried to think of cheerful things.

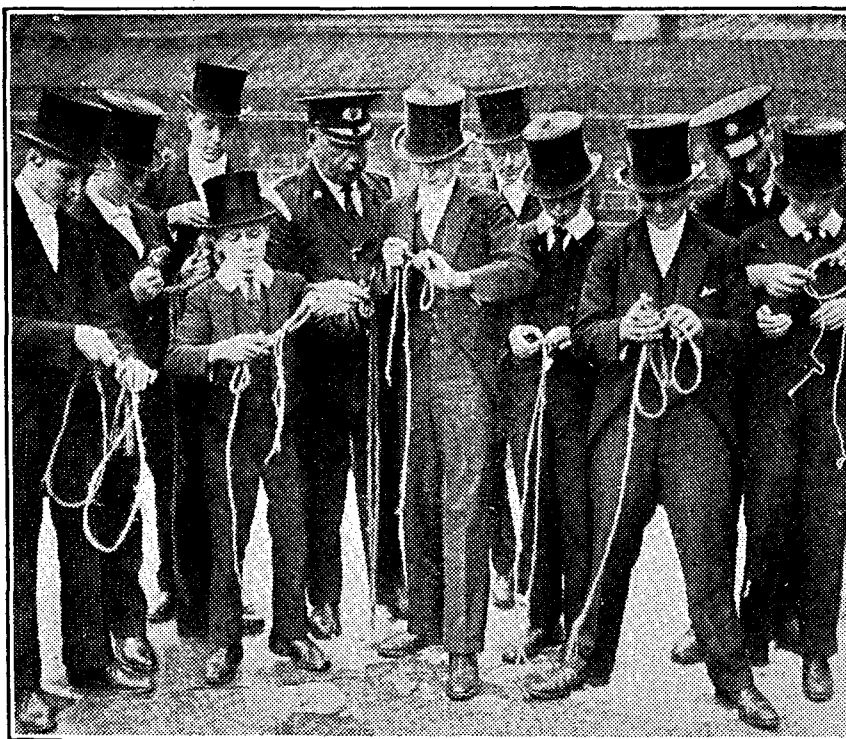
A Strict Examination

By and by she heard her name called. She was taken before four officials, who made her swear to tell the truth and then subjected her to a searching examination. It seemed to her that most of the questions had nothing to do with the case.

After twenty minutes of this they rang a bell, and to the nurse's delight her employer was brought in, accompanied by a lawyer. The employer was cross-examined in almost the same words and the result was satisfactory. Then the nurse was required to buy a Liberty Bond, costing over £100, which would be recoverable when she returned on the homeward voyage. Luckily, the employer, lawyer, and nurse could just scrape the money together, and soon after she was free.

And that is how a kindly nurse got into America.

ETON BOYS BECOME FIREMEN



The boys learning how to tie knots



Jumping into a sheet from a window



Fixing a hosepipe on to a hydrant



A lesson in the use of a hose

Boy Scouts at Eton College are being taught the work of firemen by the chief officer of the Eton Fire Brigade, and in these pictures we see them busily at work during one of their drills. Except when the boys are using a hose they wear their top hats

NEW PARLIAMENT WANTED

HOW TO KEEP THINGS STRAIGHT

The Trouble of Unequal Wages in Great Trades

SOME CONTRASTS

By Our Industrial Correspondent

Dispute follows dispute in the industrial world, and the wages question seems to become more and more difficult to solve.

While these quarrels about wages proceed trade is lost, and the wealth of the country diminishes accordingly. It is a process of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

The number of wholly unemployed people has risen by 600,000 in a few weeks, and if wages disputes continue the number will further increase.

It has been suggested that a Parliament of Work should be set up, the members of which would be drawn from the employers and employed in all trades, presided over by some well-known and trusted public man.

The Problem of Unequal Pay

In such a parliament the condition of all our industries could be fully discussed. Their difficulties and prospects would come to be understood. The profits made and the wages paid in all of them would be constantly under review.

Among other great things which might result from such an assembly would be fairer wages as between one trade and another. As things are trades are most unequally paid. Incredible as it may appear, it is the fact that at present some of our best and most essential trades are worse paid than some of our less important and more easily learned trades.

The writer has lately visited factories in which people running automatic machines on piecework, doing very simple jobs, are earning much more than the skilled engineers who maintain the machines. Or take the case of engineer's labourers in an ordinary engineering works, and compare their wages with those paid to road labourers by our local authorities. The engineer's labourers get 40s. a week, whereas the road labourers get from 48s. at Southampton to as much as 62s. at Swansea.

Striking Examples

Now let us compare the wages of dustmen with the wages of shipyard labourers. We will take the round shillings only. Municipal dustmen get about the same pay as municipal labourers, usually between 50s. and 60s. a week. Shipyard labourers, on the other hand, get only 38s. a week.

Now compare skilled workers. In the railway service drivers get 87s. a week, guards 64s., and signalmen 59s. Yet if we turn to engineering we find that skilled fitters get only 56s. Comparing bakers with shipbuilders, the bakers get 64s. and the shipwrights 55s. This last wage happens to be exactly the same as is paid to unskilled builder's labourers. That is to say, the man following the fine trade of shipwright, one of the finest crafts in the country, is paid at the same rate as a man who carries a hod of mortar.

Serious Injustices

Coal miners are also much better paid than engineers or shipwrights, the coal hewer getting 76s. for 41 hours while the shipwright gets 55s. for 47 hours.

These serious injustices as between one trade and another could surely not exist if they were brought to the attention of a Parliament of Work. It is very unfair, for example, that because a fine trade is exposed to foreign competition its members should be badly paid, while the members of a trade like building, who have a monopoly, should, because of that monopoly, get high wages.

A WOMAN WHO HATED NOBODY

MISS EMILY HOBHOUSE

One of the Builders of
Friendliness in South Africa

TRAGEDY OF THE WAR

Few people can have done more to make possible the wonderful reconciliation of races after the South African War than Miss Emily Hobhouse, who has just died at 66. Her name was a word to conjure with among the Dutch-speaking people.

It was after the Boers had been defeated in the field, and had entered on a determined resistance by guerilla warfare, that the British Government felt compelled to adopt the stern policy of burning down their farms behind them. It is probable that the war could have been ended in no other way, but the question arose what to do with the women and children made homeless.

A Terrible Death-Rate

They were put into hastily erected camps which could not be very well equipped. Soon news began to come through that things were not going well, and Miss Hobhouse went out to investigate. The terrible things she revealed were later confirmed in all essentials by an official Commission.

Bad food, bad covering, dirt, and shocking sanitation worked their inevitable effect. In one month, 3200 died out of a total camp population of 118,000, the annual death-rate among children being at the rate of 629 a thousand. The total number of deaths of women and children was 26,000.

Miss Hobhouse so far succeeded that the camps were put under civilian control, and the death-rate gradually diminished till peace came.

A Great Appeal

After the peace, Miss Hobhouse spent years in helping the Boer women to restore their homes and learn home industries to relieve the poverty which had come upon them; and then grave illness overtook her. In 1913, after Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had given the Boers self-government, and friend and foe had joined in the creation of the Union of South Africa, she was invited to unveil a monument to the women and children who died in the camps.

She went, but was too ill to be present at the ceremony, and her speech was read for her. In it she appealed to all South Africans to forget the bitterness of the past and to unite for the common welfare. It was in that hope that she lived and worked and died.

BREAD

No Longer the Staff of Life

Why is it that we eat seven per cent less bread today than we did twenty years ago?

The fact is vouched for by an enlightened baker from Glasgow, Mr. J. Meikle, in an address to the master bakers and confectioners of Britain. He says we eat 24 pounds of bread less per head every year. We eat among us over 570 million fewer two-pound loaves than we should have eaten if we had retained the same affection for bread as our fathers had twenty years ago.

Mr. Meikle says that bread is no longer our staff of life. Many bakers, he says, believe the present plan of bleaching the flour by the addition of chemicals is at the root of the trouble.

But he gives other reasons. Very few workers now work before breakfast, which means that people no longer take their breakfasts with them in their pockets. Works canteens are also becoming increasingly common. Now it is in meals carried in the pocket or the handbag that bread has always figured prominently, and both these causes therefore would help to explain the facts.

BOAST OF DARWIN'S COUNTRYMAN

Odd Meeting on a Ship

"I AM ENGLISH"

From the islands off the coast of Chile which were visited by the Beagle when Charles Darwin, sailing in her, was laboriously laying the foundations of his discovery that was to shake the world comes an echo of Darwin's greatness, and of the effect he produced on a simple sailor in the crew.

Darwin lived and died, and will be for ever remembered. The sailor is dead and forgotten, but he was always proud that he had sailed with the great naturalist, and it was one of the stories he always told to his son. The boy's mother was a native of the island of Chiloe, but when the boy grew up he always thought of himself as an Englishman, a countryman of Darwin.

When, a short time ago, Mr. Frank Chapman, of the American Natural History Museum, and some other naturalists were cruising over the same ground as the Beagle, they found a footstep of Darwin of the most unexpected kind. They took ship for some of the Chilean islands, and to their surprise found the vessel keeping most accurately to its time-table. This was such an unusual occurrence in these regions, where punctuality is of so little account, that they complimented the captain, whereupon that officer drew himself up proudly. "Soy Ingles!" said he, which, being interpreted, means: "I am English."

He was, indeed, the son of Darwin's humble shipmate, and as proud as his father had been both of his nationality and his association with the great man. The pride in both had taught him the virtue of always keeping his promise, even if only as to the time-table of his ship's sailings.

POOR LITTLE MONKEY

Do Animals Break Their
Hearts?

Mrs. Dickin, the energetic Director of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor, sends us this note on the question raised in the C.N. recently, Do Animals Break Their Hearts?

Last year over a quarter of a million animals were treated by the P.D.S.A., so that the experience of such an organisation is a valuable contribution to our knowledge.

One night a little monkey was brought to us in a state of collapse. It had lost its mate, which had died four days previously, since when it had eaten nothing. The owner said that for hours it had sat closely huddled to the dead body of its companion, and that it was with great difficulty they had removed the dead monkey from the cage.

We put this monkey into a cage and made it comfortable with blankets and a hot-water bottle. Warm milk was brought, and a banana, but all was useless; it would eat nothing. It seemed to like the warmth of the bottle, and clung to the assistant's finger for comfort and companionship. It was the most pathetic little sight, brooding over its loss and stricken with grief. Later a stimulant was given, but all to no purpose, for in a few hours it died.

A post-mortem examination was held on this monkey, and it was declared to be perfectly healthy and only two years old. It had absolutely died of grief for the loss of its companion. Numerous other instances of the same thing have come under our notice, and from our experience we unhesitatingly say that animals do sometimes die solely from pure grief.

SEVEN-YEAR HUNT FOR A WILD BEAST

The Terrible Leopard

END OF TEN NIGHTS OF
WATCHING

A man-eating leopard with a record of 125 kills has just ended its career in the Garhwal country, in the north of the United Provinces of India, after evading its hunters for no less than seven years.

The leopard haunted a pilgrim route, but pilgrims usually move in parties, which such beasts dare not attack; and most of the leopard's captures were from the interiors of village homes, so that the people began to close and barricade their houses, even in the most stifling heat. Once it was caught in a trap but got away; another time it was rounded up in a cave but made a successful dash for freedom.

It became extraordinarily cautious, and gun-traps, gin-traps, poison, the most careful tracking, were alike useless. A corps of 16 professional Indian hunters failed, and last autumn Captain Corbett, of Naini Tal, spent a whole month on its trail without result.

Recently, however, the captain returned to the quest, and after ten nights of fruitless watching he heard a rush, saw a leopard spring at his bait, and fired. It was not till morning that, following tracks, he found the animal lying dead in a ravine. The leopard was very old and measured 7 feet 10 inches.

WAYS OF A PLANT

How to Test its Pulse

Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose would almost say of plants what Shylock said of Jews: *Are they not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?*

Before the Royal Society of Medicine he has been showing that a plant seems to have a heart which pulses with the plant sap. The plant bleeds when it is pricked; it is poisoned by the same drugs as a human being.

He used a delicate probe, which was made after a suggestion that came to him when looking at a hedgehog's quill, and which responds to every pulse of the sap. The movement is so slight that no microscope can detect it, but by attaching the probe to an electric galvanometer, on which a light-reflecting mirror swings, the movement is magnified five million times as the image of the light swings across a screen.

In this way he showed that the venom of a cobra will accelerate the pulse of the plant, while an opiate will still it.

AUTOMATIC P.O.

Coming by Degrees

The C.N. has been calling for a long time for automatic post offices in every important street, where stamps may be bought and telephone and telegraph messages sent. The call is being answered by easy stages.

The latest step is to allow people to send telegrams from telephone call offices. But the telegrams must necessarily be prepaid, and as the call offices are as yet only fitted with penny-in-the-slot machines the process is a somewhat tedious one.

One begins by putting in two pennies for the telephone call. When the telegraph office has been secured twelve more pennies must be inserted. Then, when twelve words have been dictated, if the message exceeds that length extra pennies must be dropped in to make up the required total. And if it is Sunday another six pennies must be rendered up in tribute to the day.

Let us hope that shilling-in-the-slot machines will soon be available.

A HERO WITHOUT REWARD

Let Us Now Praise a
Famous Man

WHAT HE DID FOR US ALL

Let us now praise famous men, says the noble commemorative exhortation in Ecclesiasticus, but poor Professor Maxwell-Lefroy, who was a great entomologist and a public benefactor, seems to be an example of Shakespeare's bitter phrase that the good which men do is oft interred with their bones.

He died last October while experimenting with a gas intended to kill pestilent parasites, for he was unduly careless of his own life while carrying on work in his laboratory at the Imperial College of Science. In the war he had done splendidly in first showing the extent to which typhus and other war diseases were due to lice, and he went out to the war zone to help to stamp out these afflictions. The insecticides he prescribed were of the highest value.

Another service he rendered, minor only by comparison, was to find a way to destroy the timber-boring beetles which were threatening the roof of Westminster Hall and other historic places; and in this work, as in others respecting flies and other parasites, he was an entomologist of genius.

When, nevertheless, it was proposed the other day to raise a small fund in commemoration of his work and his sacrifice all that became available for it, after the expenses of raising it had been paid, was a paltry £33. It is just enough for two gold medals, one to be awarded for an essay on disease-bearing flies, the other next year for a similar contribution to knowledge.

It is not a very generous tribute to a man who gave so much knowledge to the world, and at the last gave his own life in the attempt to add to it.

WHAT CAN BE DONE

Rebuilding of the Ruined War
Towns

The completion of the reconstruction of the French towns devastated in the war affords one of the greatest object lessons in the possibilities of human work.

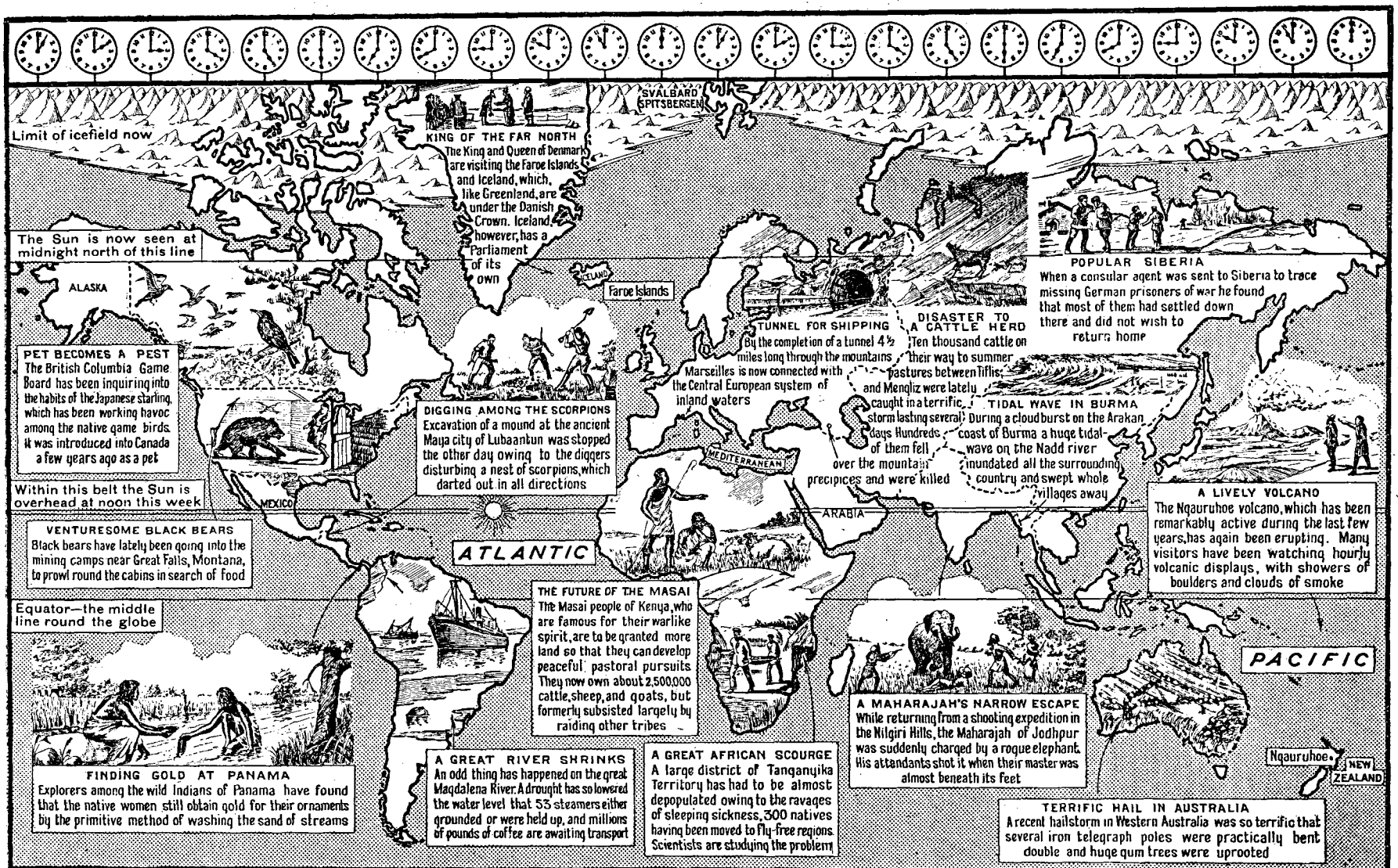
Consider, for example, the mining town of Lens. This big town was so thoroughly destroyed that at the end of 1918 the traveller passing along its streets saw not houses, but rows of heaps of rubbish.

It was difficult to believe that the destruction had been done by shell-fire. Lens looked as if gangs of professional housebreakers had addressed themselves to each house and deliberately reduced it to a heap of ruins. Today, eight years after, a new Lens has arisen, spick and span. Fine new streets of houses have been formed, looking very much better than those destroyed during the war. They are well-built, comfortable, and picturesque. Not only houses, but public buildings, churches, places of amusement, schools, railway stations have sprung up as if by magic.

Some of the new French towns have been most admirably planned. For instance, the new town of Tergnier has three circular groups of streets connected by straight thoroughfares, the whole forming a convenient and beautiful town-system.

It is strange to reflect that these improvements have been brought about through devastation. We see what human energy can accomplish when put to it. Some of the poor quarters of our old towns badly need pulling down and rebuilding, but we hesitate to do the necessary work because the old buildings stare us in the face. If only they would fall down and hurt nobody!

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A NEW ADVENTURE IN HUDSON BAY

The Bayruper Sets Sail

The Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay have made a new departure.

It was in 1668, two years after the Great Fire of London, that they sent their first ship, the Nunsuch, fifty tons, to barter with the Canadian fur-trappers. Now the Bayruper, 3600 tons, by far the biggest boat ever to enter Hudson Bay, has sailed on her first voyage thither. In earlier boats there has been but makeshift accommodation for casual passengers, but the Bayruper has berths for 72.

Hudson Bay is only open four months in the year, and even then there are ice-floes to contend with. So, besides being equipped with an ice-breaker, the Bayruper is built of steel, with double-bottom and double-plate, and specially stout steering gear. The trappers are still mainly Indians and Eskimos, and trade is by barter, as it has been through the centuries. So the new boat has a very varied cargo, including not only obvious things like clothes and flour, but such things as tin buckets and gramophones!

HE SAW GEORGE IV A Centenarian General

A little boy of three was one day walking with his nurse on the Frogmore Road when a group of important-looking people stopped them. One of these people was George the Fourth.

He patted the little boy's head and talked to him pleasantly. The little boy became a soldier who helped to save the colours at Inkerman, and he celebrated his hundredth birthday on June 21. The C.N. wishes him many happy returns of the day.

General Sir George Higginson is well and active. One of his most vivid memories of Eton is that he was kept so hard at work fagging that he hardly ever had time to get any breakfast!

A MEDAL WELL WON Three-in-the-Morning Courage

These are degenerate days, of course; people keep saying so. And yet this little story belongs to 1926.

At about three o'clock one winter's morning the s.s. Clovelly went ashore off the coast of Spain. There was a very rough sea, a fog, and rain. At nine o'clock the second officer and five men manned a boat with the object of running out a kedge anchor. The boat capsized. By and by the men were seen clinging to the upturned boat, but the officer was carried away.

Then Frederick Charles Reece, ordinary seaman, dived from the Clovelly into the stormy sea, risking his life in an attempt to reach the drowning man. Unhappily the officer sank before the gallant sailor could reach him.

The King has just awarded Reece the Silver Medal for gallantry. It was well won indeed.

WORKING IN THE FACE OF DEATH

Priest and Hero

The X-rays have claimed yet another victim, the village priest of Pontigny, in the South of France.

He was a bold and tireless experimenter, and during the war he perfected a method of tracing bullets in the wounded which is said to have saved thousands of lives. The rays produced growths on his hands which he knew must prove fatal, but he worked on undaunted to the end.

The Carnegie Foundation recently awarded him a silver medal and a money prize. Besides his X-ray work the devoted priest experimented in electricity cures, wireless, and optics, and is said to have made important discoveries in each of these fields.

A BISHOP'S COLLECTION End of a Very Long Case

A long and weary lawsuit the parties to which were the Governments of Hungary and Rumania, lately came to an end in Paris.

It concerned the valuable art collection of a Hungarian bishop, the late Arnold Ipolyi, who died in 1886, leaving his collection to the Museum of Fine Arts in Budapest.

During the ten months before his death he had been Bishop of Nagyvárad, a town now transferred to Rumania, and the Rumanian Government thought this entitled them to lay claim to the collection on behalf of Rumania.

Naturally the Hungarian Government did not see the matter in this light, and were unwilling to give up a collection which for nearly forty years had formed a part of their own Art Gallery and was known to all the world. So they went to law about it, and they are very pleased that at last, after years of waiting, the lawsuit has been decided in their favour.

A PEDLAR AND A GENTLEMAN Beautifying His Town

The Enniskillen Urban Council has decided to set up a memorial tablet to a Manchester pedlar.

The mover of the resolution thought some people might despise the pedlar's calling, but declared that this particular pedlar was a gentleman of culture and education, and a man of noble character.

Born at Manchester, Mr. A. H. Richards spent most of his life at Enniskillen till he retired to a cottage he had bought by the sea at Donegal. At one time he acted as temporary town clerk, and when he died he was found to have left a quarter of his estate for beautifying the town.

THE JACKDAWS OF SPALDING TOWER

Why the Church Clock Stopped

In the tower of St. John's Church, Spalding, the jackdaws have been keeping up their old reputation as disturbers of the Church's peace.

The Jackdaw of Rheims hopped off with the Archbishop's ring; the jackdaws of Spalding have stopped the church clock.

When the great bell of St. John's should have been booming out the hour across the Lincolnshire fens there was silence, and silence at the quarters and the half hour. The clock had gone off strike.

When the anxious churchwardens searched the belfry for the cause, they found that the jackdaws which fluttered in and out of the church tower's windows, had extended their nesting operations to the clock. They had not purloined any of the works, but had imported enough twigs to fill three barrow-loads. The most resolute clock could not hold out against this stuffing, which had so impeded the hammer that it could not fall and mark the flight of time.

THE RAIN IT RAINETH Every Other Day

Sir Frank Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, has just been telling us some interesting facts about the weather's behaviour during the last weather-year, which ended with April.

If the Sun had shone all the time that was possible we should have had 4446 hours of sunshine, but as things worked out we had only 1312 bright hours, or about two of every seven that we might have had. As many as 163 days were rainy, so that on an average we had rain nearly every other day.

But in spite of all this rain two of the months broke all records for dryness!

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 26

1926

Is It Nothing To You?

THERE is a corner of Essex where something very glorious and terrible may be seen. At one moment the head is turned away from a sight hardly to be borne; at the next the heart sings with joy that humanity can be so noble. The place where these things happen is the leper colony of St. Giles.

Who realises that in the British Isles there are about a hundred lepers? They cannot be admitted to hospitals or work-houses. Until the war they had to hide themselves as best they could in dark corners of great cities, knowing that no one would give them shelter. But as Lord Strathcona lay dying he made a will leaving some money for English lepers.

It was thought it would be necessary to offer huge salaries to induce people to nurse the lepers, and while the trustees were troubling over this problem it was suddenly solved. The daughter of a Winchester College Master offered to give up her life to running the home. She gathered about her a little band of compassionate women, each trained in domestic science or nursing. They undertook to do all the work and accept no wages.

Think of the lives those women lead in this leper colony! They must look upon terrible disfigurement without shrinking, and see sorrow without becoming gloomy. Their reward is that they bring love and cheerfulness into the greatest loneliness known to mankind. They might have lived happily among beautiful surroundings, but they had heard the voice of suffering, and they could not pass by.

Such is the Staff. What of the patients? They are of all classes. Most of them are men from the war. All of them show a wonderful courage. This gallantry was found in one leper who was only a little boy. After a night of great pain, silently endured, he saw the dawn coming, and said to the nurse in whose arms he lay: "I'm afraid you must be very tired, Sister." Those were his last words.

The C.N. has little room for tales of ugliness, and leprosy is an ugly thing. But the story of St. Giles's Home is redeemed by the heroic souls who live there. And it is not a dismal place, for love and brotherhood make it cheerful.

So, when we think about it, we should not think how horrible it is that there are lepers in England, but how good it is that there are women among us who will give up their lives to these hopeless and suffering people. It is glorious to feel that the spirit of St. Francis is still among us. It is inspiring to know that human beings can still give all to help a brother.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Tea with Mrs. Faraday

How interesting are the little associations with great people that turn up almost every day in curious ways!

The story is told in another column of a queer meeting with the son of a man who sailed with Darwin, and half an hour after we had sent the story to the printer a friend looked in and mentioned that he had once had tea with Mrs. Michael Faraday. Quite near to us, it seems, are the immortals.

The Story that Never Ends

NEVER will the tale of the Great War come to an end.

Sir William Robertson has been telling how, in a great blizzard in Gallipoli, 1915, no fewer than 280 men were drowned in the trenches at Suvla and many more were frozen to death where they stood, while 16,000 were disabled by frostbite and exposure.

Yet all that month it had been known that the peninsula must be abandoned, and two days later General Monro had to warn the Government that unless evacuation took place soon the late season would make it impossible.

Such was war in the past; such is only a shadow of what war will be if it should come in the future.

The Blades of Grass

By Our Town Girl

When I was in the country
I had a flower-pot,
And in it seeds I planted,
Some grew and some did not.
And sometimes Sister Mary
Would cry aloud, *Alas!*
The flowers we expected
Have come up blades of grass!

But now we live in London
And though my best I try,
The flowers in my flower-pot
They shrivel up and die.
Last night, however, Mary
Cried out to me, *Hurray!*
Some lovely grass is growing
In our flower-pot today!

An Old Man's Time

ONE of our readers sends us this note of a man who, having lived a hundred years, had not a minute to lose.

Michel Chevreul was a famous French chemist, famous for his discoveries in the arts of dyeing.

He delighted in giving his processes in colour-making to the world, not caring for private profit, and all his habits were extremely simple. One day a visitor found him munching a loaf in the laboratory, and Chevreul, noting his astonished look, said:

I am very old, but I have yet a great deal to do, so I do not wish to lose time in eating.

Go wherever you will, your conscience will be there. DIDEROT

The Traffic Controller

From a Correspondent

ON a doorstep, in the midst of all the hubbub of a busy Midland town, sat a tiny boy. With one dimpled hand he held back the oncoming traffic; with the other he beckoned it forward. His rosebud of a face was serious, his bare arm steady, his attitude watchful.

Thus England rears her mighty sons to meet and to control mighty forces.

Tip-Cat

NEWS of the difficulties confronting the Premier, Dr. Yen, has come from China. Our housemaid sympathises with him. She, too, has had trouble with the China Cabinet.

"HOBBS 85!" said the headline. "Fancy playing cricket at that age!" said Aunt Agatha.

A LADY declares she likes the man who is a human firework. So much that when he offends her she lets him off.

A GENTLEMAN at Walham Green was reading near his parlour window when a motor-lorry crashed through and pushed his chair across the room.

Well-bred lorries never do this without knocking at the door.

THE duty of the young is to look forward. But not to be forward.

IT is proposed to take a census of cats. A kind of catalogue.

A FAMOUS musician has just been presented

with a pure-bred Alsatian wolfhound. We suppose the dog of such a master will eat nothing less than trom-bones.

FEW know, we are told, how a cherry pie ought to be made. The fact is it ought to be made with cherries.

ONE day, says a famous singer, I shall turn up again in London. And London will be too polite to turn him down.

Three Sorts of Girls

A WELL-KNOWN photographer has been classifying the girls she had in her studio to work for her. She puts them in three classes.

1. Those who worked for a living and took the minimum of trouble.
2. More industrious girls who worked well to a point, but beyond that would not go.
3. Really ambitious girls, who wanted not only to earn a weekly wage, but to gain technical knowledge by which they could command a good salary for the rest of their lives. These were the fewest, but they all made themselves felt and respected in the business world.

We cannot help knowing that this last group, those who tried hardest, enjoyed themselves most.

Saying Grace

By Our Country Girl

Is it enough to say
One single grace each day,
A grace for meat and bread,
As though our platters were
Our only joy and care,
As tho' our hearts were dead?
Friend, since we have a store
Of many graces more,
For each we'll say our grace:
I thank thee, Lord, for dew,
For mists that rise anew
And for the new sun's face.
I thank thee, Lord, for sight
Of all the petalled white
Upon the orchard bough,
For meadows strewn with herds,
For furrows and the birds
Gleaning behind the plough.
Then let us render praise
For laughing windy days
That ripple all the wheat,
And toss the branches high
Against the dappled sky,
And strew flowers at our feet.
And let us not forget,
When summer suns have set,
To bless the golden hour
When only one sweet thrush
Is singing through the hush
That falls on man and flower.
Grace never should be done
From dawn to set of Sun.

The Heart of Kossuth

One of our correspondents who has been looking into the history of Hungary's freedom recalls this story.

WHEN, after the deliverance of Hungary from the yoke of Austria, the immortal Kossuth was made Governor, he became the idol of the people. He was a military Dictator without staining his hands. When speaking, his opening words were like the Hungarian national airs, always low and plaintive. His face then lit up, his voice deepened, and there came forth words which thrilled his hearers.

One of the Hungarian privates in an Austrian regiment was overheard by his officer to say *Long live Kossuth!* and was ordered twenty strokes of the lash. When a man was flogged in the Austrian Army in those days he was obliged by law to thank his officer, and this the Hungarian refused to do. Another twenty lashes were given him, but still he refused.

Again he was flogged, and then the Hungarian, as he rose, muttered his thanks to the brutal officer, adding: *My back belongs to the Emperor, but my heart to Kossuth!*

We Must Have These

By Peter Puck

WITHOUT an oar you cannot row,
Without a seed you cannot sow,
Without a flame there is no fire,
Without a song there is no choir,
And this is true, I'll undertake,
Without some water there's no lake.
In things like this all men agree,
But miss some truths as plain to see:
Without some love you are not blest,
Without some work you find no rest,
Without some thought there is no light,
Without some prayer there is no might.
If men could rise without these things,
Then birds could fly without their wings.

June 26, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE YOUNG LEAGUE OF NATIONS

GIRL GUIDES IN WORLD CAMP

Fine Gathering from Countries All Over the World

THE MARCH OF GOODWILL

By a Girl Guide

Guiding and Scouting, among the finest things that are now being done in the world, have had a great time in America, where they have been holding a World Camp near New York.

A few weeks ago the people of Boston saw the representatives of the Scouts and Guides of nearly forty countries march out of dock to the cars waiting to take them to their first place of welcome, the Girl Scout Estate on Cedar Hill. Here for two days they exchanged ideas on Scouting and Guiding. Then they passed on to Washington, where they were given an enthusiastic welcome at the White House.

After spending the day there they went on to the World Camp near Briercliffe Manor, New York.

The First World Camp Fire

That evening there was a brief ceremony in the lodge house, and afterwards all the delegates moved to the terrace outside. Here, where it could be seen from the surrounding country, Guides kindled the first World Camp Fire.

We can imagine them standing in that wide circle, wearing the uniforms of many countries, and feeling that they were once again making the Guide or Scout promise, only that now they were truly taking their work out into a wider world.

Then, as the fire glowed brightly, one by one the delegates stepped forward to offer their contributions to this Young League of Nations. Each held a bundle of twigs as a symbol, and each brought the special gift of the country. Australia brought wool, Belgium lace, and Austria the music of her great composers. When each delegate had made her offering they settled down to a conference, headed by Lady Baden-Powell, the Chief Guide of the world.

Symbols of Peace

But before the conference they dedicated the hall in a ceremony which was adapted from medieval times. To slow, dignified music, three young girls entered, carrying with them as symbols of peace a bowl of fruit, a candle, and a bowl of fire. As they passed, their escort of Scouts chanted in unison, *They who enter by the door blessed let them be*, words which might be engraved over the doorway of every Guide Hall.

The World Camp was dedicated to Mrs. Edith Macy in recognition of the outstanding work she has done for the movement in America. Dr. James Russell, of Columbia University, told of it, and went on to say that he looked forward to the day when girl and boy Scouts would be one all over the world.

A Day of Birthdays

So great was the enthusiasm that on the following day it was resolved to bind Scouts and Guides together more closely by an International Scout Day, and February 22 was chosen because it happened to be the joint birthdays of Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell, as well as of George Washington himself.

Before the end of the conference the representatives, headed by the Chief Guide and the Chief Scout, planted an avenue of trees along the entrance of the camp, and as each tree was planted a comrade stood by with her country's flag.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell afterwards gave his message to the youth of the world. He called on them to become patriots not only of their own countries, but of all the world, and he said that Scouting and Guiding was bringing goodwill and making war impossible.

IRELAND TO THE I.L.O.

THE delegate sent by the Irish Free State to the International Labour Conference in Geneva in June had two good things to say there.

One was that he had just received a telegram from the Dail to say the Irish Government had sent a birthday gift of £300 for the new home of the I.L.O. The other was a greeting and an expression of what he felt about all the work done so quietly and efficiently by that Office.

"At home in Ireland (he said), when we come upon work of which we approve,

we have a special salutation for the worker. We call out to him, in the field or the workshop: *Bail o Dhia ar an obair*, which means 'God bless the work.'

"I should like to salute the work done here at Geneva in the same manner, and say: *Bail o Dhia ar an obair. Guidhmuid rath, sonas is beanacht De ar an obair, ar na daoineibh gur orra a curam agus ar na Naisiuin ata comcheangailte leithe*; that is to say, 'God bless the work and the workers, individuals and nations.'"

THE THINKER AT THE ZOO



Murphy, the orang-utang at the London Zoo, now lives in a new cage in which violet rays and quartz glass keep him healthy by supplying the same effect as sunshine. Here we see him taking a rest on the top floor of his clean and comfortable new home

In this way it was doing even more than it set out to do.

That evening the highest honour of the American Scouts was bestowed on the Chief Guide when she was presented with the Golden Eaglet.

At the last formal session Mrs. Mark Kerr summed up the impressions she was taking away with her. We may be sure they were shared by the other delegates, for they were the beauty of some of the sights, America's hospitality, a feeling of joy and thankfulness for the movement, and the knowledge that they were furthering peace.

Then came the close of the conference, and, after deciding to hold the next meeting either in Switzerland or Hungary, the delegates settled down to a final World Council Fire.

Most of them wore the rich peasant costumes of their own countries, sang their national songs, and gave the country's dances.

Then they returned to New York, and on to Montreal, whence they sailed

for home. Figures given at the conference show that the movement has now over 600,000 members. The big family is increasing fastest in Britain, where there are 370,000 Guides. America has 115,000. In the British Dominions the Guides number nearly 80,000, a surprisingly big total.

MATTER BREAKING UP

A New Source of Heat

It is well known that the radio-active elements produce heat in the course of their radio-activity, and it has now been discovered that when the element titanium is subjected to a heat of 1700 degrees Centigrade, its atoms begin to break up and give forth great heat.

The energy of the heat so produced is much greater than the electric energy employed, and a German engineer has just patented a method of utilising the heat. It remains to be seen if it can be used for practical purposes.

A NEW TWO-MINUTE RIDE FOR LONDON

FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE TO WATERLOO

The Wonderful Idea that is Being Thrown Away

CALL FOR GOVERNMENT ACTION

The tragedy of the London bridges, one of the saddest things a great city has ever had to witness in the history of government, is being long-drawn-out.

Preparations go on for the destruction of Waterloo Bridge, which everybody loves.

Nothing is done to end the scandal of Charing Cross Bridge, which everybody hates.

A new bridge is being talked of near St. Paul's, which nobody wants.

While things are like this another important movement is on foot to bring about the intervention of the Government before it is too late.

Solver of Traffic Problems

One of the greatest arguments for the new Charing Cross Bridge has just been brought forward by Captain Swinton, one of the best friends of London government, who points out that a new bridge at Charing Cross, which would make this part of London as fine a scene as the whole world has to show, would also enable us to get from Trafalgar Square to Waterloo Station in two minutes. As a solver of traffic problems no idea has ever been suggested equal to that.

And what a two-minute ride it would be, from Charing Cross to Waterloo! What can be seen by an observer perched at Charing Cross on the ugliest bridge in Europe who looks down the Thames flowing eastwards to the sea?

On the north side of the curving river are the Embankment Gardens and Waterloo Bridge, now sadly propped up in splints but noble none the less, and the lovely lines of Somerset House; while beyond are the whitening spires of Wren's churches and the dome of St. Paul's brooding over all.

Wasted Opportunity

On the south side are murky wharves and buildings so commonplace that even the Shot Tower seems distinguished among them, and at night the flickering sky-signs are the only things to redeem them. What a wasted opportunity that sordid southern bank presents!

It is wasted because, as the Thames bridges are now arranged, it is worth no one's while to redeem it. On the northern bank of the Thames the history of England is written in great buildings from Westminster to the Tower. On the southern bank, though St. Thomas's Hospital with healing in its wings, and Lambeth Palace, and the County Hall have given London an example, there is hardly a building worth keeping between Charing Cross and Greenwich.

A Magnificent View

The hindrance to progress is Charing Cross Bridge itself. Pull that down and build in its stead a great road bridge to carry vehicles and people, and by this step the double advantage to London and the Thames will be effected. On the one hand there will be an avenue to divert the crowded traffic of South London from the bridges at Waterloo and Westminster, where it now clogs the traffic which moves east and west.

In two minutes an omnibus could pass from Trafalgar Square to Waterloo, a wonderful thing to think of, and when it got there and while getting there its passengers would see, spread before their eyes, one of the most magnificent views of any capital in the world, the northern curve between bridges of the Thames, and in a very few years the southern bank would rise to its opportunity and build something to gladden the eye and rival the glorious vista of the north.

FOUR MEN ON A SANDBANK

HOW THEY LOST THEIR LIVES

The Sad Thing About Nobody's Business

LIFEBOAT THAT CAME TOO LATE

If they had only thought, if they had only known! Such thoughts must be running in the minds of some of the people who live near Wallasey and New Brighton when they recall a fatal accident which took place recently on the shoals near there, where the Mersey estuary opens to the Irish Sea.

A small yacht capsized, and four men on it were left on a sandbank, uncovered at low tide, a mile from shore. The day was calm; the only thing for them to fear was the incoming tide.

They were actually seen from the shore, but those who saw them, deceived by the calmness of the sea, did not realise that they were in danger. Two hours passed between the time when they were first seen and the moment when some spectator felt a twinge of alarm at their plight. Even then there was hesitation, though someone had seen one of the men wave his hand.

After an Hour and a Half

A neighbour was consulted. A friend of the neighbour suggested telephoning the police. But by now nothing was to be seen where the men had been, so the telephoning was postponed. The spectators did not want to make a fuss over nothing. Another boat was somewhere in the offing, sailing toward New Brighton. Surely the men must have been taken off the shoal by that.

The same hopefulness was shown at the lifeboat station when, nearly three hours after the yacht had capsized, and, as afterwards appeared, an hour and a quarter after the men had been drowned, the telephone message at last reached them. At the lifeboat station the coxswain was first told, and twenty minutes afterwards the gun to summon the crew was fired. Twenty minutes after that the lifeboat got under way. Arrived at the Burbo Bank, it found nothing but the bodies of men who had been drowned an hour and a half before.

So what was everybody's business was nobody's business, and the dilatory habit of waiting for someone else to get busy, instead of doing it now oneself, resulted in one of the saddest preventable accidents of the coast.

WHO OWNS THESE MILLIONS?

The People or the Government?

A WAR QUESTION TO BE SETTLED

An important meeting in the City of London has asked the Prime Minister to receive a deputation about reparations for war damage.

In the Treaty of Versailles the civil damage suffered by the people of these islands was put at 44 million pounds. It was asserted at the meeting that, though Germany had already paid over 30 millions for this purpose, the sum distributed by the Government among claimants was only four millions.

The other day the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that five millions had been paid to sufferers from air raids, but the President of the Board of Trade has admitted that the sum is only about £400,000.

The Government is understood to hold that reparation payments are national property and are not for individuals, to which the victims naturally retort that that was not the view put forth at Versailles. It is certainly time the matter was settled.

SOUTH AFRICA'S BIG QUESTION

COLOUR DIVISION OF THE PEOPLE

A Policy of Separation in Four New Bills

NEGRO AND ASIATIC

At last the South African Government has produced its full policy with regard to its Negro fellow-countrymen. It is contained in four Bills.

A Bill has already been passed forbidding Negroes to practise certain skilled trades; now another has been introduced to increase their opportunities of securing land for farming and stock raising instead. That is the first of the four new Bills.

The second sets up a Native Council of fifty members, 35 elected by the Negro population and 15 nominated by the Government. This Council may pass regulations binding on Negroes only, proposed by the Minister for Native Affairs.

The third Bill gives the Negroes seven representatives in the Union Parliament. These, however, must themselves be Europeans, and must not sit, speak, or vote on any question connected with the Negro franchise or on a "No Confidence" resolution against the Government. At present the Negroes have no vote for ordinary Members in Natal, the Transvaal, or the Orange Free State, but they have such a vote in the Cape Province. The Bill takes away this privilege from the Cape Negroes.

One M.P. for Coloured People

The fourth Bill deals with coloured people (that is people descended partly from Europeans and partly from Negroes) and Asiatics. At present these have ordinary Parliamentary votes in the Cape but not in the other three Provinces. The Cape franchise is to continue. In the other Provinces coloured people and Malays born in the Cape are given the vote, but for seven years they must all vote together for one seat in Parliament (to be filled by a European); after that, if Parliament chooses, they may vote with Europeans in the ordinary constituencies. But outside the Cape Indians, and other Asiatics will still have no vote at all.

The Indians outside the Cape, many of them African born, will be put in a worse position than either Negroes or coloured people, and naturally they are up in arms. There will be a strong agitation in their support in India.

As for the Negroes, a great deal turns on how far the Government really means to go in providing them with enough good land to develop a separate national life. That would be the only justification for cutting them off so completely from the rights and duties of citizenship.

AN OLD MAN LONGS TO START AGAIN

Looking through an old letter-box we find the following from Sir James Crichton-Browne.

I have examined the Children's Encyclopedia, and need not pause to express the high opinion I have formed of its educational value.

It makes an irresistible appeal to all the dawning faculties of childhood, and cannot fail to edify and delight the rising generation and many generations to come. One longs to be a boy again, and to start once more with the rich equipment this encyclopedia offers.

Here we have sciences made easy, history unravelled, handicrafts explained, literature sampled, puzzles propounded, everything that can stimulate and impress the memory.

A MOTOR-BOAT AND A DOLPHIN

Noble Sportsmen of the Thames

A TRUSTFUL CREATURE THAT CAME TO TOWN

Of the many cruel stupidities perpetrated by people who when they see a rare animal think they ought to kill it, the hunt of a dolphin in a motor-boat off Chelsea would be hard to beat.

The poor dolphin had swum up the Thames a day or so before, and had been seen off Westminster Bridge, where men and boys had chased it in rowing boats, trying to harpoon it with boat hooks. They did not succeed.

But the harmless creature, instead of profiting from this lesson in what human beings were capable of attempting, and being too innocent to suppose that any harm was meant, remained in the river of the unfriendly town instead of going back to the freedom of the friendly sea. Consequently, having been carried up by the tide to Chelsea, it found itself chased on the following Sunday night by "sportsmen" whose idea of giving it a chance for its life was to chase it in a motor-boat.

After two hours of this manly recreation they caught it, exhausted, and killed it with boat-hook and anchor near Wandsworth Bridge. They have since described the affray as a ding-dong struggle, and have told their admirers how they persevered to the death.

Unfortunately it was the dolphin that suffered. It was a ding-dong struggle for the poor thing, but its heroic slayers risked nothing but their humanity.

A TUNNEL FOR SEA BARGES

France's New Waterway

VAST TRADE FOR MARSEILLES OPENED UP

At last Marseilles is joined up with the vast canal system of Europe.

The Rhône Canal is one of the main entrances to the system, but Marseilles is thirty miles from the Rhône. Marseilles has been making a great water tunnel through the mountains to join her to a wide lagoon which is connected by canal with the Rhône, and the last ton of rock has now been blasted away and the waters have rushed in from both ends of the finished tunnel.

The tunnel is nearly five miles long, with a depth of 13 feet of water, a height from the towing path of 32 feet, and room for two sea-going barges to pass each other. It is probably the largest tunnel in the world. Half as much again material was removed to make it as in the case of the Simplon Tunnel.

The canal traffic thus opened out is so great that seven miles of new quays will be needed to handle it.

C.O.D. TO STAY Everybody Pleased

Most of us are now familiar with the Cash on Delivery system, the results of which seem to have greatly pleased the Post Office.

The Post Office has just been telling us about the surprising way in which C.O.D. has prospered in spite of the strike and other drawbacks. In the first two months of its life 94,000 parcels were sent C.O.D., which is at the rate of about 600,000 a year.

One of the most interesting things is that among all these parcels there were only two complaints that the goods sent had not been ordered. It is clear that C.O.D. has come to stay.

LONDON'S TRAINS AND SHIPS AT SEA

WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO WITH EACH OTHER

Electric Systems Upsetting the World's Time Centre

TROUBLE AT GREENWICH

Who would think it possible for the electric trains of London to affect our ships at sea? Yet so curious are the relations between all things in this world that the completion of the Southern Railway's electric system is to have results which will be marked on all our ships.

Greenwich Observatory is still keeping on business at the same scientific shop where Charles the Second established it 250 years ago, and has, in fact, increased it very much in the last half-century, in spite of the dust and turmoil of London creeping closer to its doors.

First Cry of Alarm

But it will shortly have to close down one of its departments. It can continue to observe the Sun, the Moon, and the stars through London's clouds and smoke, but the subtler magnetic influences which surround it are beginning to elude its patient observation. *The electric trams and electric railways are disturbing them too much.*

When the big power station was put at the foot of Greenwich Hill the Royal Observatory raised its first cry of alarm; but by extreme care the observers managed to compensate their instruments so as to carry on. Since then the electric trains through New Cross and Lewisham have crept nearer and nearer, till at last the Observatory declares that its observations of the magnetic needle will be so much interrupted by them as to be untrustworthy, and the department must close. The business will be removed to Abinger in Surrey.

The Moving Magnetic Pole

What is this magnetic effect which the Observatory has watched so long, and which stray currents from electric trains can disturb? It is the magnetism of the Earth. The pocket compass which one can buy at the shop seems always to point due north, but the magnetic compass which Greenwich watches, and which gives direction to the compasses of all British ships, does nothing of the kind.

In the first place it does not point due north, but to magnetic north, which is not at the Pole. In the second place this imaginary Magnetic Pole is not always in the same place. There is a daily change. These are changes due to magnetic storms. There is a slow swing of the magnetic needle over periods of centuries to east and west of north. It has not been due north since 1658, but it is now edging back to north from the west.

All these changes Greenwich has observed for 145 years, and it is in the highest degree important that the observations should be exact to the hundredth of an inch, or less. That is why they must be removed from the disturbance of stray electric currents.

WHY THE TELEPHONE STOPPED

A Magpie in the Way

A magpie, building its nest with pieces of wire netting and copper wire among the telephone lines, has been found to be the cause of many interruptions in one of the New South Wales trunk lines.

The fault was discovered by one of the linesmen seeing a magpie with a piece of wire in its beak perched on the line. The nest was then discovered, and it was built so closely around the telephone lines that its removal was a matter of some difficulty.

June 26, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

9

NEW MOUNTAIN
RAILWAYSJoining Up in the Alps
A NEW THREE-MILE TUNNEL

Railway communications among the mountains of Switzerland are once more developing with remarkable rapidity.

This month has seen the completion of the long-projected line joining up the valleys of the Rhine and the Rhône. It begins at Brigue, thus connecting with the Simplon Tunnel into Italy, the Rhône Valley railway to Lake Geneva, the Loetscher line to Lake Thun, and the line up to Zermatt. It proceeds up the Rhône Valley, under the Furka Pass to Andermatt (high above the St. Gothard tunnel), and then by the Oberalp to Disentis, on the Vorder Rhine.

Next on the programme is the narrow-gauge line joining Mesocco, in the Ticino Canton, with Thusis, in the Grisons. In addition to joining up two popular Swiss-tourist districts this new line will put Bavaria and Württemberg and Austria in direct communication with Northern Italy. The new line is only 38 miles long, but over three miles of it will be through a tunnel under San Bernardino Pass. The line is to cost £1,360,000.

A NUTHATCH AND HIS
LITTLE GAME
Winter Supplies

A correspondent in Paris sends us this tale of a Frenchman and one of the birds he loves.

A lover of birds has a country house near the forest of Fontainebleau, and spends much time in his garden watching the habits of his feathered friends.

One autumn when the filberts were ripe he noticed a bird fly into the filbert bush, pick a filbert, and fly with it to the trunk of an acacia tree. "Ah! Mr. Thief," he thought, "how are you going to get at the kernel?" But the bird found a crack of convenient size in the bark of the acacia, and proceeded to wedge the nut firmly in. Then he quietly went to work to peck out the kernel, continuing the little game until he had satisfied his hunger.

Though the bird-lover was fond of filberts he was so interested in watching the nuthatch's clever device that he allowed him to strip the bush. When the last nut was picked the bird looked so dejected and chirped so dolefully that the bird-lover bought a bag of nuts and stealthily placed several in the bark. As soon as he was out of sight the bird, which had evidently been watching him, flew to the trunk, and was soon busy pecking out the kernels.

When the weather became cold the bird-lover returned to Paris for the winter, but soon received a letter saying that the bird was so disappointed at finding no nuts in the trunk that he gave the gardener no peace, following him about the garden all day, chirping dolefully. So orders were sent down to the gardener to buy more nuts and continue the daily pantomime as long as it pleased Mr. Nuthatch to take part in it; and it has been going on every winter since.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Beauvais tapestry . . .	£10,500
Portrait by Quentin de la Tour	£10,000
An engraving by Debucourt .	£5000
17th century Flemish tapestry	£630
A Queen Anne side table . .	£525
A hat of Napoleon	£286
An etching by James McBey .	£273
Pair of Sèvres porcelain vases	£262
A Charles II silver toilet box .	£196
A Sheraton sideboard	£178
Two old porcelain inkstands .	£170
A drawing by J. M. W. Turner	£126

BIBI COMES TO
TOWN

An Instinct From the Jungle

There is a new chimpanzee in the Zoological Gardens, and the gentleman who presented her to the Society has some curious things to say about her. During his 24 years in Africa he has had three chimpanzees, one of which lived to be twenty, but Bibi exceeds the others in charm and intelligence.

There is just one thing about Bibi which he cannot understand—she will only shake hands with white people. She has never been ill-used, and is obviously not afraid of Negroes, for she used to play with the native servants in the most friendly way, but she definitely and embarrassingly refuses to shake hands with them.

We cannot believe that Bibi has the mentality of an old-time South American slave owner and despises the black races, and can only conclude that jungle memories or instincts forbid the chimpanzee to trust a Negro. Bibi's ancestors had never seen a white man, so Bibi inherited no dim suspicions about pale-faced people.

Except for her rudeness to black people Bibi is thoroughly up-to-date, and loves to go motoring, provided she may take her doll.

THE C.N. FAR AWAY
"A Light Unto Our Feet"

From a correspondent at Sunland, in far-away Alberta, comes this testimony to the welcome given to the C.N. by teachers and schoolchildren alike in the Ruthenian settlements there.

The C.N. is delivered by mail-carrier in the evening to the postmaster at Sunland. It is collected the same evening by the teachers of Bukovina School. Next morning at school something is read from its pages, usually some story of unselfish devotion by sea or land. Girls and boys listen attentively, for though the news may be old it is touched with a light that makes old things new and living.

The children are all of Ruthenian parentage, and their parents come from a land where citizenship, if known, is little practised. The C.N. is a teacher they love to hear, and its stories of true citizens cannot fail to grow into their young lives and fit them to become true children of Canada and the Empire.

Later the C.N. is sent to Vegreville, forty miles away, where it enters a mission home for girls and boys and there continues its good work. But no record of distance covered by the C.N. can express how far it goes into the land of the spiritual. It is as a light unto our feet.

LOST ROMAN GALLEYS
Lake Nemi Treasure Hunt

Beneath the mysterious waters of Lake Nemi, whose beauty and romance inspired the English painter Turner, lie mystery and romance many centuries older than his pictures.

Tradition says that Roman treasure galleys were sunk beneath the waters of the lake. Signor Mussolini, the Italian dictator and a realist to the core, has given orders to disturb the lake's lovely waters in order to find them.

Many plans have been made to find the lost ships. Leonardo da Vinci, engineer as well as painter, had a plan, though it was never put into execution. Two Lake Nemi bronzes of wolves' heads are now in the Diocletian Museum.

The waters are those of a crater lake. They rest in an extinct volcano of the Alban Mountains, which look down on Rome; and one drastic project that has been suggested is to drain the waters of the lake by tunnelling through the side of the mountain. That would be too high a price to pay in lost beauty for any treasure.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK
IN HISTORY

The Fame of Peel

On June 28, 1850, Sir Robert Peel delivered his last speech in Parliament.

Taken all round, Peel was the greatest man I ever knew. MR. GLADSTONE

What he really was, and what posterity will acknowledge him to have been, is the greatest member of Parliament who ever lived. DISRAELI

What men he shaped! What a creed of honest work he left with them! What a tradition of public duty! Graham, Gladstone, Hardinge, Dalhousie, Canning, Cardwell, Sidney Herbert, and Newcastle. These men stood together after his death like the last square of a broken army, firm in their faith in their leader and in their cause. Above and beyond that Government, and the perished passions of the time, there looms the great figure of the great Minister, with feet perhaps of clay as well as iron, but with a heart at least of silver, and a head of fine gold.

LORD ROSEBURY

ROUNABOUT TO
MARKET

'All in a Bullock's Day

A bullock in a hayfield may be a bullock in clover; but in the streets of a busy town like Kendal it is at a disadvantage, as one of a party of three was at considerable pains to discover.

The patient trio were being driven to the auction mart, a place which they would hardly have selected for themselves, when one of them, startled by some unexpected vision in Lowther Street, dashed at right angles into a narrow passage.

But the passage was not meant for bullocks. Like the small Daniel who put his head through the balustrade of Westminster Bridge, the bullock stuck. It was not its head, but its waist, which was too large.

The bullock's drover urged the animal on. A little farther, and it could have reached a small courtyard, and, like a motor-car, would have had room to turn. But the bullock declined.

In trying to make its way back again it first dislodged the cover over a drain-hole, wedged its foot in the hole, and frantically crashed into a door which opened into the passage.

The door was that of an auctioneer's office, and the astonished clerks suddenly found themselves with a bullock for a client. But happily it did no more than turn round, and, without a With-your-leave or By-your-leave, plunged back into the passage, into Lowther Street, and so on to the auction mart, as if such happenings were all in a bullock's day's work.

FRANCE HAS MORE
PEOPLE

But Not French

We have heard much of the dwindling population of France, and it comes as a surprise to hear that this year's census shows an increase on 1921 of about a million and a quarter.

Unfortunately, the increase is not in the number of Frenchmen. Five years ago there were about a million and a half foreigners in France; today there are over three millions, 2,845,000 of them workmen. Thus once more the French population has actually decreased.

Among Frenchmen there has been a movement from the country to the towns as the town industries have increased, especially in the areas devastated by the war. Foreigners (Italians particularly) have partly replaced the departing farm workers, but they have come to the towns too. Greater Paris has grown by half a million.

A PLANET RARELY
SEENWHERE TO FIND
MERCURYSpeeding Toward the Earth at
a Million Miles a Day

A BURNED-UP WORLD

By the C.N. Astronomer

The best opportunity for seeing Mercury in the evening sky this year will be during the next fortnight, when this fleeting planet will be low in the west-north-west about an hour after the Sun has set.

He will then be about eight times the Sun's apparent width above the horizon; but owing to the sunset glow he will require some patient search. Moreover, a clear and unobstructed western view down to the horizon is needed to find his golden orb.

Fortunately, the Twins' stars Castor and Pollux are in the vicinity and to the right, at a higher altitude, so if they can be glimpsed in the twilight it will be easy to locate Mercury.

The star map indicates their relative positions for the next few days, together with the upward path of Mercury.

It will be seen that the planet is almost in line with Castor and Pollux on the evenings of June 26 and 27. Therefore sharp eyes should find no difficulty in detecting this little world, which, by the



The path of Mercury during the next 10 days

way, is at present about 95 million miles from us, but rapidly coming nearer at the rate of over a million miles a day.

Few people one meets appear to have seen Mercury because of his proximity to the Sun; he is never seen except in a twilight sky, and his movements are so rapid that he is never long in one part of the sky, as can be seen by looking at the star map.

At present this little world is near *aphelion*, or at his farthest point from the Sun; so Mercury will come much nearer to the Earth than on some occasions when he is in *perihelion*, or at his nearest to the Sun. The next fortnight, therefore, will be an exceptionally good time to observe Mercury through the telescope.

There is a difference of 15 million miles between Mercury's nearest and farthest distances from the Sun, when he is 28,500,000 and 43,500,000 miles respectively from the solar furnace. This in the case of a world so near the Sun must produce terrific variations in temperature; when at his farthest from the Sun he receives four times more heat and light than we do, but when at his nearest this is increased to nine times as much.

Everlasting Night

So if Mercury does always keep the same side of his world facing the Sun as the Moon does to the Earth the arid and burned-up conditions must be appalling, unless there is some ameliorating circumstance, such as a dense atmosphere, which, of course, would make all the difference.

Then cold winds would be constantly flowing in from the chilly regions of everlasting night into those of never-ending day, and vice-versa. But such an atmosphere does not appear to be there; in fact, all signs of air and water vapour are absent, the low reflecting power of Mercury being similar to that of the Moon, indicating a world of burned and broken-up wastes. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus in the east, Mars south-east. In the evening Mercury west-north-west, Saturn south-west, and Jupiter south-east at midnight.

SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 25 A Fine Invitation

FRUPPENY had wondered how long it could last.

"You never know your luck!" John Andrew had answered.

It seems neither did, for as day followed day and week followed week, bringing the Easter holidays nearer and nearer, everything went swimmingly with them both.

Fruppeny was in clover; so was John Andrew. Fruppeny had become firmly established in authority's good books; so had John Andrew. Fruppeny's practical certainty of winning the Harborough Scholarship was leading his Headmaster to look upon him as treasure-trove. John Andrew's prime excellence in maintaining discipline was causing him to be cherished by Mr. Meggs. He had been given a special charge over unruly day-boys, who, much as they resented it, had no cause to reproach him with neglecting to use his head in keeping them quiet.

Such was the state of affairs, then, when one Wednesday, shortly before Easter, Fruppeny made his way down to the town for their weekly tryst. He went happily, humming a merry air to himself, looking forward tremendously to their spree.

They had found no use yet for that fine private code of theirs, as nothing had interfered with their weekly appointments. Fruppeny's eager suggestion that they should exchange letters in their code for the fun of it had been vetoed by John Andrew, who had contended that they should run no risk of writing to each other except in emergency. And Fruppeny had had to be satisfied with that.

Presently, as he was speeding his way down today, the merry lift ceased on his lips and his face grew reflective. He wondered if there was any sort of a chance of his spending the Easter holidays with John Andrew. For in his letter from home his people had mentioned that they would be away, but hoped very much that he could be looked after at the school. To which his mother had added in a postscript: "How nice it would be if one of your school-fellows would invite you to his home!"

Well, what about John Andrew inviting him home? True, John Andrew had told him that his guardian might probably have to be away too. If so, why shouldn't he and John Andrew go somewhere together?

Out he stepped, his eyes dancing excitedly. And so, directly they met, directly they had settled themselves down, the moment the waitress had brought their tea and their cream buns, he burst forth with this brilliant project of his.

Inquired John Andrew, making no comment as yet, "Do you happen to have any letter for me this week?" Fruppeny flushed. "I'm sorry," he said; "I'd clean forgotten it." And he brought one out from his pocket.

His friend opened it there and then, and read it through slowly, sipping his tea while and punctuating the perusal with grunts and glances over the rim of his cup. Twice he read it, and began to read it the third time—which unusual procedure filled Fruppeny with all sorts of qualms. Something must have gone amiss, he reflected.

Fruppeny's impatience could stand this no longer.

"John Andrew, you are a mysterious old owl!" he exploded, bobbing up and down to secure attention.

"Pea in a pan," said John Andrew, "listen to this."

In cautious whispers he began to read out the letter, which was to inform him that important affairs would take his guardian away for two or three months, but

that so far as the Easter holidays went an invitation had been received for his ward.

Having read so far John Andrew stopped teasingly.

"Now isn't that jolly?" said he, in a rather queer tone.

"Oh, rather!" Fruppeny returned ruefully, as at once he saw his own bright idea fall to pieces.

"I can't be bothered to read it all out to you, Frup; but it boils down to this. That just recently my guardian has met a fellow called Hatz, who used to know my father when he was alive and told my guardian a lot about my family history. Well, Mr. Burford, my guardian, thinks I might like to hear all this, so Mr. Hatz—"

"What a rum name!" Fruppeny ejaculated.

"Oh, yes, it's not British; but my guardian's not British either. Although his name sounds British he's a Montaraguan. I told you he's Consul-General for Montaragua."

"And is Mr. Hatz somebody important too?" smiled Fruppeny.

"Don't know, but I guess he's a South American. Anyhow, this Mr. New Hat, or whatever he calls himself, has taken a house by the sea at a place called Spardle Bay, and he's told my guardian I can spend the vac. there with him, if I like, to hear all about family history and to be company for him. Rather jolly it sounds—in a house by the sea!"

"I only wish he'd ask me as well," sighed Fruppeny.

CHAPTER 26 So Easy!

At this John Andrew's mouth gave another twitch, and he caught the waitress's eye and beckoned her close. Then, when he had made sure that she was watching, he leaned forward and put one hand to Fruppeny's ear, from which he drew a folded slip of pink paper. This he displayed to the waitress. It was a cheque.

"I never!" she gasped, regarding Fruppeny blankly. "Does he always carry money in his ear?"

"Always," answered the conjurer, graver than ever. She gave them both one stupefied look and went off.

Putting the cheque away in his pocket-case, John Andrew, whose staid tricks never failed with the waitress, said:

"That's the best part, old boy, of my guardian's letter. That's for me to spend on my holiday, Frup, with Mr. Hatz in his nice little house by the sea!"

"Oh, I do wish he had asked me as well!"

"You said that before, Frup. If I go there we can't spend our holidays together."

"No, I've given up that idea," said Fruppeny sadly.

"Then it looks all cut and dried for both of us, Frup. You stay at St. Quentin's; I stagger off to friend New Hat."

"I guess I'll send you a letter in our code while you're there," exclaimed Fruppeny, brisking up at the chance of getting a practice.

John Andrew winced.

"That reminds me," he uttered impressively. "You know what I told you once about—about—you know, Frup?"

"Yes, I remember. I've never breathed anything of it. I haven't forgotten the word, but I've tried to forget it."

"Well, Frup, my guardian says in this very letter that he hasn't had time to alter his secret code yet. He doesn't write 'secret code,' he writes 'what you know about'; that shows you how frightfully serious and important it is, when he won't even mention the word code in a letter! He says he hasn't had time to concoct a new one, but intends to do so immediately he gets back. Meanwhile, I'm to stick like a leech to my promise."

"Your promise that you'd never let out those two words?"

"Yes," said John Andrew drearily. "Those wretched two words!"

Then, having waggled his body as though he were shaking off their memory, he surveyed his confederate through lowered eyelids, and said:

"Well, Frup, I am going to Spardle Bay."

"Of course you are."

"Do you know how I'm going, Frup?"

"I suppose you can go straight by train from Tidegate?"

"Guess again," droned John Andrew, opening his eyes.

"On your motor-bike, of course. Take me in the trailer."

"No, I'm not going that way."

Fruppeny shrugged his shoulders.

"Then how do I know?"

"Frup," said John Andrew slowly, "I'm going by proxy."

"By proxy!"

"Yes. You'll be my proxy."

Fruppeny's tea cup very nearly went crash with the shock. What-ever would his friend put up to him next? How much deeper would old John Andrew drag him into this imposture, with which his conscience was never entirely easy.

"That's rot!" he expostulated when he got breath. "I couldn't go as far as that, old man. Besides," he added uncomfortably when John Andrew groaned, "what about your father—I mean your news of him?"

"That New Hat is to tell me? Why, you'll hear all that for me, and you'll tell me next term."

"No," sighed Fruppeny. "No, it wouldn't be fair."

"It's fair enough to New Hat. Oh, do listen, Frup. If I didn't go New Hat would ask somebody else—"

"How do you know he would?"

"My guardian says so in his letter. He says New Hat wants some young society round him. Very well, then, we're not harming New Hat. You'll be much livelier company for him than I could be, and as he has never set eyes on me, doesn't know me from Adam, he can't spot you're not me, Frup. Besides, you know we're very much alike to look at."

"Yes, we'd be like enough if we swapped our clothes."

"Now, look here, Frup," John Andrew grew more and more earnest. "Your people hope that you'll get an invitation for the holidays, don't they? You were saying they did just now."

"Yes," Fruppeny was forced to admit once more.

"Then it's as easy as winking for you to write to your people and tell them not to worry about your holidays because you've been invited to a friend of your friend's."

10/- Worth of Music for 1/3

FIVE COMPLETE PIECES including the full words of all Songs, are published in each part of MUSIC MASTERPIECES. None of the pieces included is obtainable separately for less than 2/-

Part 18 now on Sale contains
KATJA, THE DANCER
Those Eyes So Tender Jean Gilbert
FRA DIAVOLO
The Barcarolle ... Anber
PAUL JONES
Ever and Ever Mine Ivan Caryll
A SOUTHERN MAID
Call of the Sea ... Fraser-Simson
THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST
Selection arranged by Herman Finck ... Puccini

MUSIC MASTERPIECES
In Fortnightly Parts. Of all Newsagents, Booksellers, and Music Dealers. 1/3 Per Part

You owned up that you could see how sorry your father was that you had nowhere to go for Easter and that the thought of you left at school might spoil his holiday. Now, by going to New Hat you save your father all worry."

"Yes, that's true," Fruppeny admitted for the third time.

"All right. When you get to Spardle Bay you can write to them from there, can't you?"

"Of course I would."

"To tell them about it. Just so," said John Andrew. "And I vote you tell your father at the same time all about our old rag, and tell him that next term you'll turn up at your right school."

"You'll agree to that?" exclaimed Fruppeny, in a new tone.

"Yes, of course I do, Frup," said John Andrew, with genuine melancholy. "We can't keep up the game for ever and ever; I've always felt that if we weren't caught before we'd have to chuck it up at the end of term."

He drew in a deep breath and exhaled it most dismally. "It will be tough on me to leave my little grey home in the West. And I guess they'll make us pay for our jolly old trick—what?"

"I guess so," said Fruppeny.

"But it's worth it. I don't mind paying, whatever they do to me. I'm having the time of my life, Frup, so I can't grouse about the price. Now, going back to our bargain and my suggestion: you agree to do Spardle Bay for me, and I agree that when you're there, toward the end of your stay there, you can write to your father and tell him just all that we've done."

"But of course I should write to him before to say where I am."

"Yes, but keep the rest until it's time to go back."

"And what about you and your guardian?"

"No difficulty at all," responded John Andrew. "I can't get in touch with him till after the hols., but I'll roll up at St. Quentin's next term all right. As to Spardle Bay, he says he hopes I will go, but I'm to please myself; and if I don't go I'm to fix up to stay where I am. He says he's off at once, so it's no good my writing to him as he doesn't actually know his own whereabouts yet, except that he'll be moving from place to place. If I have to write, he says, I can send the letter care of his bankers and they'll forward it when they've got his address. I guess he's going on some diplomatic business because he's so secret about his movements."

"And if I agreed—I only say if I agreed—how should I work my arrangements with Mr. Dean?"

"I haven't mentioned anything to him about hols. yet."

"Then no need to say anything. On breaking-up day you just go off with the rest. If by any chance my guardian has written direct to him, though I'm sure he hasn't, Mr. Dean will say to you, 'Ah, Smith, so you're going to Spardle Bay?'"

"And you'll answer, 'Yes, sir. And so you will. All correct?'"

"But why don't you want to go?"

John Andrew cracked his red fingers tantalizingly. "Old Maggy says I can make my headquarters with him, and I've planned a ripping tour on my motor-bike, Frup. I can buzz round about as I like. That's why I'm not going. Besides," he added, with a grunt, "I'm fond of old Maggy. And I mean to stay and keep his jolly old brass bright. Whatever would happen to it if I wasn't in touch?"

Fruppeny was quivering now in his chair while his thoughts ran over every bit of the ground. The plan was so enticing—and so easy. And it couldn't do the least bit of harm to a soul. His own people, for instance? They would be only too glad to hear that he was fixed for a fine holiday; they would go away themselves with much lighter minds.

Fruppeny leaned across the table, his face all alight.

"I'm game to have a shot at it," he announced.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

White Whiskers

THE old fakir was seated by the wayside beneath the shade of a large banyan tree. The old man was just about to begin his evening meal when a little black, wrinkled hand dipped into the dish before him.

"Eat, little brother, protected by heaven," said the fakir to the white-whiskered, black-faced monkey that swung on the bough above; "there is enough in the bowl for thee and me."

But the guest did not eat fairly. He scooped a few handfuls of rice into his bulging cheeks, then tipped up the bowl, scattering the food far and wide, and disappeared into the fastness of the banyan tree.

From bough to bough he swung, till at last he lit on the rose-red walls of a beautiful palace. In the courtyard beneath, where fountains shook their silvery plumes of water among the orange trees, the Rajah's little son was whistling to his lory, a big, gaily-coloured bird perched on a stand by the wall.

Suddenly the lory's voice was raised to an ear-splitting screech, and the monkey was seen re-treating with her long tail feathers in his paw.

The princeling rose up in a royal rage. "Kill the wretch!" he called to his bearers. "He has hurt my beautiful pet."

"Heaven-born, aim not that stone against the little hanuman!" urged his servants. "Remember that he is akin to the great Hanuman, the monkey god, the friend of Vishnu."

Brandishing the feathers, the monkey chattered defiance at the party beneath, feeling himself monarch of all he surveyed. Not for long, though. A snake's head reared itself, hissing, from a cranny in the wall, and the monkey fled in horror.

In the jungle now behold him, perched high up on a mango tree, peering with prying eyes at the doings of a hunting party beneath. From tree to tree he flung himself; as he passed he stirred up all the peacocks roosting on the lower branches. No more chance of panther for the hunters.

"It is that old white-whiskered monkey that is spoiling all the sport," said one of the Englishmen. "I have a mind to take a shot at him."

"No, no, you must not," said his companion, "else you will have all the natives deserting. Let's double and dodge him, go to the gully and try for bear."

But the monkey was not to be shaken off. Wherever the hunters went he accompanied them, giving the alarm to all the game in the jungle. When they got to the gully there was not a sign of a black bear, only the monkey curling a tail longer than himself and mocking them.

"Sahib, the hanuman loves to warn the jungle-folk against you. He does it for spite," said the beaters. "And he knows he is a sacred monkey, and that no one dares to touch him."



The Lanes are Roses, Roses All the Way



D! MERRYMAN

"You always used to complain that your gun didn't shoot straight," said one countryman to another; "but now that you have got a new gun you don't seem to be able to hit anything."

"Well," said the other, "now the rabbits don't run straight."

Skeleton Proverbs

If you can supply the missing letters here four well-known proverbs will be seen.

L-o-b-f-r-y-u-e-p.
F-i-t-e-r-n-v-r-o-f-i-l-d-
A-o-l-n-s-o-e-a-h-r-n-m-s-
W-s-e-o-w-n-n-t.

Solutions next week

WHAT word by transposing two letters becomes its opposite?
Untied, united.

A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in harrow, but not in dig;
My second's in monster, but not in big;
My third is in sudden, but not in quick;
My fourth is in rattle, but not in tick;
My fifth is in yonder, but not in here;
My sixth is in tremble, but not in fear;
My seventh's in habit, but not in coat;
My eighth is in vessel, but not in boat;
My ninth is in saddle, but not in strap;
My tenth is in spigot, but not in tap;
My eleventh's in gimlet, but not in screw;
My twelfth is in handful, but not in few;
My thirteenth's in timber, but not in wood;
My fourteenth's in happy, but not in good;
My whole is a monarch, savage and cruel,
With a character obstinate like that of a mule.

Answer next week

Do You Live at Camden Town?

CAMDEN TOWN, a part of London, was named after Baron Camden, of Camden Place, Kent, where William Camden, the famous antiquary, was born in 1551. The surname Camden was from some place, and means the cam din, or crooked hill.

A Stuffed One

A WEASEL who'd chanced on a rabbit
For his dinner decided to grab it;
But that bunny, you see,
Was a toy, so said he:
"To eat sawdust has ne'er been my habit!"

Hats of the World



India Persia

WHAT is the best thing to make in a hurry? Haste.

A Fair Chance

PASSENGER: "Do you think the motor-car means the extinction of the horse?"

Motorist: "Oh, no—no! if the horse gets out of the way in time."

WHY should a man always wear a watch when he travels in the desert?

Because every watch has a spring in it.

Come-Alive Characters



A Gentle Reminder

ASTRIDE a line the Clothes-peg sat,

As firm as any rock.
"A jolly ride," he said, "but, oh, I hate to hold this sock!"

"Ingratitude," the Sock observed,
"I always grieve to see.
The ride that you enjoy today
You owe, my friend, to me!"

No Charge

"JAMES," said the teacher to one of his bright boys,
"can you tell me the difference between electricity and lightning?"
"Well, sir," replied James cautiously, "one difference is that we don't have to pay for lightning."

Just to Make Sure

SOME girls can look upon a mouse
And neither scream nor faint;
They can, there's no denying.
But very few boys can pass a house
Which bears the sign *Wet Paint*
Without a test applying!

WHAT weapon does the Earth most closely resemble?

A revolver.

Do You Know Me?

I'M crooked, I'm straight, I'm short, I am long,
I'm slender, I'm stout, I'm weak, I am strong;
With the great I'm a dangerous weapon in fight;

Off I've been known to take away sight.

When large my appearance oft causes much grief;

When small I am viewed with a sigh of relief.

'Tis usual a present with joy to receive;

What I'm now going to say you will hardly believe;

Yet, strange as it seems, 'tis none the less true,

When I am presented I make all look blue.

While strolling the fields, by the smooth river's brink,

Whereto you've resorted the better to think,

On a fine summer's eve, 'mong the lasses so gay,

You will oft hear my name as they toss up the hay.

I belong to the peasant, the prince, and the peer,

Both in palace and hut you will find I am near.

All sorts of amusements I'm found to frequent;

Also churches and chapels, when such is my bent.

Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Riddle in Rhyme. A bird's nest

What Am I? A bell

Who Was He?

The most popular French writer was Montaigne.

Jacko Gives a Helping Hand

ADOLPHUS never cared much for walking. He said it made him tired; and when he and Jacko were asked out to tennis one day he wanted to refuse the invitation.

"It's a mile to go," he groaned, "and nearly all up hill."

But in the end he decided to go. He simply couldn't resist wearing his fine new blazer, which had just come home.

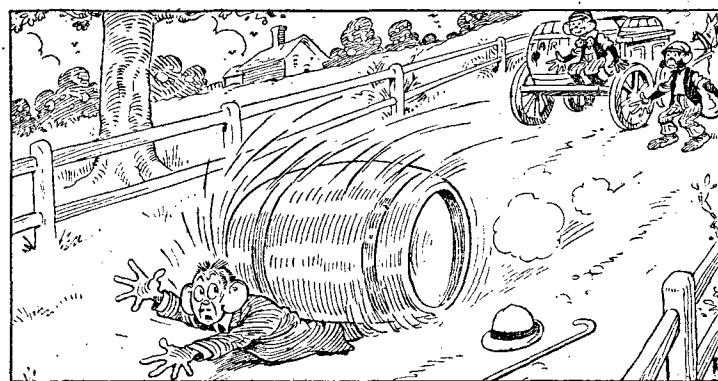
When the party day arrived Adolphus did look a swell. He had beautiful white flannels and a new straw hat, and his cherry-coloured blazer could be seen for miles, as Jacko hastened to tell him.

They hadn't gone far before Adolphus felt tired. He began puffing and blowing half-way up a hill and said that he must take it more easily.

"It's very hot," he said anxiously. "I shouldn't like to get a touch of sunstroke."

Jacko was disgusted with him. "Lazybones!" he said to himself. "He's too fat; that's what he is."

But Jacko was always ready to lend a hand where it was really needed; so when he saw a cart toiling slowly up the hill he rushed after it and offered his assistance.



The barrel bowled him clean over

The driver, who was walking beside the horse, gave him a friendly nod.

"I don't know that there's much you can do," he said. "Fact is, my nag's tired and she's got a heavy load."

He was right about that. There were six big barrels in the cart, and they must have weighed a lot between them.

Jacko took off his coat.

"Well, I'll push," he told the driver. "They're always saying at home that I'm as strong as a horse."

The man grinned. "Have it your own way," he said. "Though it's more than I should care to do on a hot day."

Adolphus, who was some way behind, was disgusted when he saw Jacko put his shoulder to the back of the cart and give it a shove.

"I shall send him home," he said indignantly. "He'll be in such a mess that he won't be fit to go out to tennis."

But just then something unexpected happened. Jacko had got tired of pushing, or rather his curiosity, as usual, had got the better of him. He wanted to know if the barrels were full, so he clambered up into the cart to have a look. And, as he was rather clumsy, he managed to knock one of them over the side!

It came careering down the hill at a terrific rate.

Adolphus scampered about for all he was worth to get out of the way, but he wasn't quick enough and the barrel bowled him clean over.

He was in a mess when he picked himself up. It was Adolphus, and not Jacko, who wasn't fit to go out to tennis.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Monkey's Sad Fate

In the Karlsruhe Zoological Gardens recently a mandrill, or species of large baboon, was disporting itself joyfully on a trapeze when suddenly his neck got entangled in a chain.

The other monkeys made frantic efforts to release their playmate, and one of them climbed to the roof and began biting the chain furiously to try to liberate the baboon. His efforts, however, were in vain, and the poor animal died before the keeper, who rushed to the rescue, had time to render assistance.

Triste Fin d'un Singe

Récemment, au Jardin Zoologique de Karlsruhe, un mandrill, sorte de gros babouin, s'amusait gaîment sur un trapèze, lorsque soudain il se prit le cou dans la chaîne.

Les autres singes firent des efforts désespérés pour libérer leur compagnon, et l'un d'eux grimpa sur le toit et se mit à mordre avec fureur la chaîne, pour essayer de sauver le babouin. Toutefois ses efforts furent vains, et le pauvre animal mourut avant que le gardien, qui s'était précipité à son secours, eût eu le temps de lui venir en aide.

Tales Before Bedtime

What Was It?

THERE was not a prouder puppy to be found than Pepper when a smart new collar was put round his neck and he trotted off at the heels of his little master and mistress.

"This is grand!" he thought, as he gaily sniffed the air, his head tossed high and his tail well up.

But after a while Pepper grew tired of keeping close to heel and decided to run on by himself, as big dogs do. Away he scampered with such delight that he thought he would never want to stop.

But suddenly Pepper had an awful shock. Round the corner came a big, dreadful-looking something that made the puppy go stiff with terror. Never in his life had he been so frightened! With a sharp yelp he reared up on his hind legs, tumbled over on his back, and then scrambled up and ran as fast as he could.

Oh, how he wished he had been content to stay with his little master and mistress! But alas! there he was, all alone, with that strange thing coming along behind him.

On he trundled till his tired little legs would carry him no farther, and, seeing a garden gate standing open, he slipped through and took shelter under a bush.

For a few minutes Pepper breathed freely; then the sound of footsteps made him prick up his ears, while his hair began to bristle again. For one awful moment he thought his enemy was following him, then he bounded up with delight as he recognised the two who had come in search of the runaway.

It was his little master and mistress.

"My poor darling!" cried



"Poor darling!" cried Gwennie

Gwennie. "I thought we should never find you again."

But Wilfred laughed merrily. "Well I never!" he chuckled, patting Pepper's head, "to think of a big puppy like you running away from a baby's perambulator!"

If Pepper lives to be an old, old dog he will never forget the day he went for his first walk.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

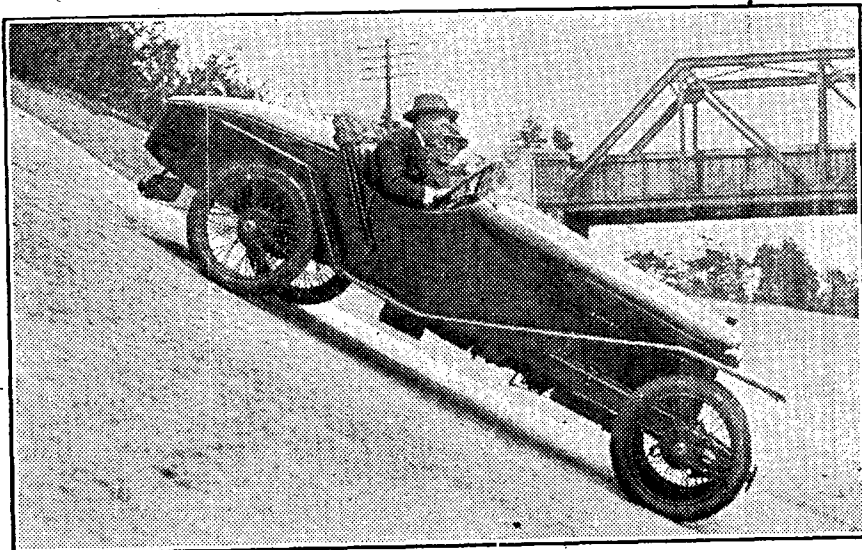
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 26, 1926

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

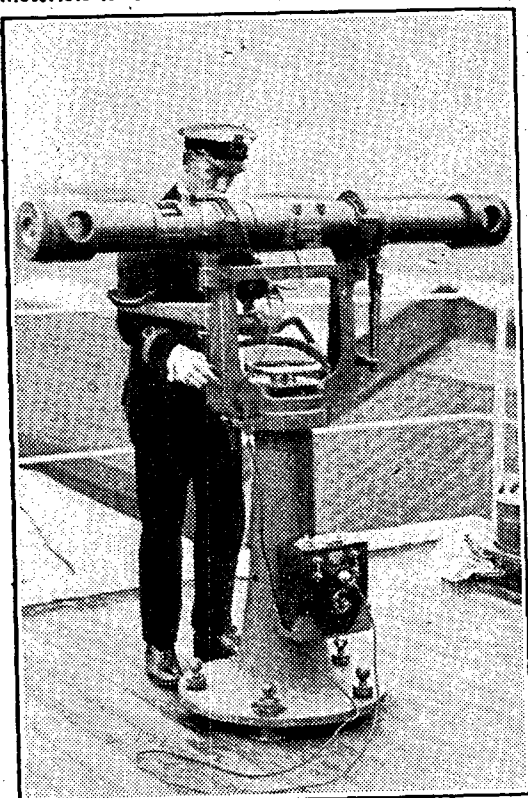
THE EYES OF A SHIP · GIANT WATER TOWER · OIL FOR THE ENGINE



A Severe Test for the Brakes—During the trials for light cars at Brooklands one of the motorists tested his brakes by stopping his car on the steep banking at one end of the track



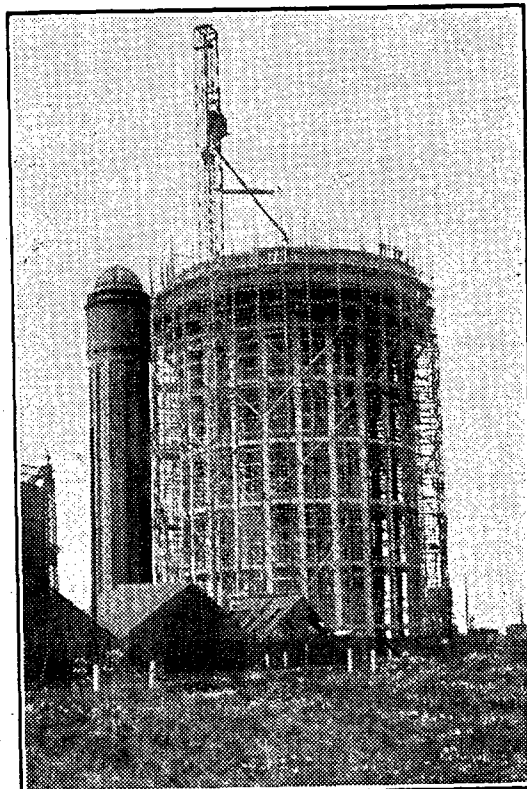
The Old Army Meets the New—During the Aldershot Tattoo, these men in the uniform of the Crimean War passed other soldiers wearing modern steel helmets and gas masks



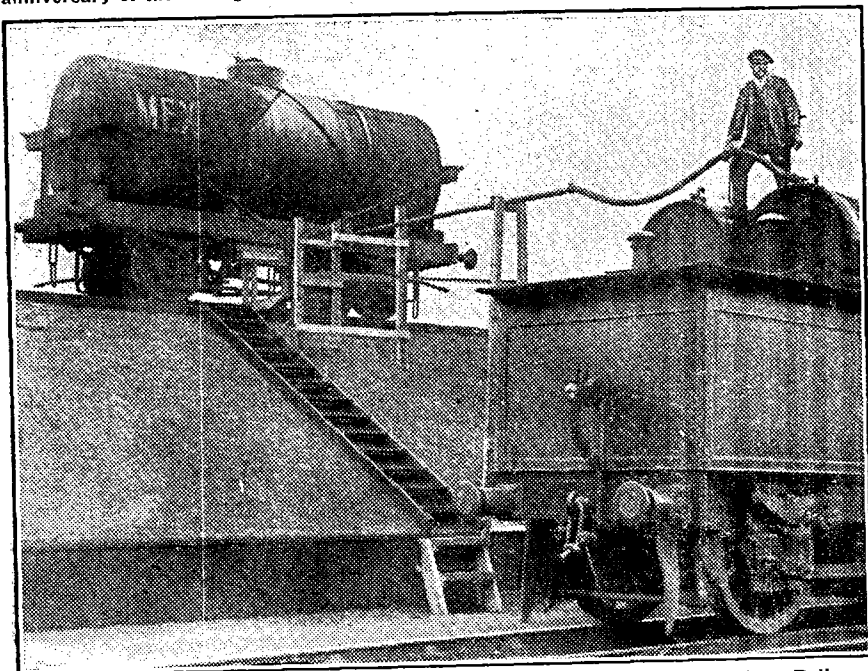
A Ship's Eyes—A range-finder on the latest ship of the Hudson's Bay Company, which has celebrated the 250th anniversary of the sailing of its first ship. See page 5



Straw Hats at Harrow—This curious picture of a crowd of boys in their straw hats was taken when the Archbishop of Canterbury dedicated the new buildings which form the school war memorial



England's Highest Water Tower—At Goolle, Yorkshire, a water tower is being built to hold 750,000 gallons. It will be 160 feet high, the highest in the country



Railway Engines Using Oil—Owing to the coal shortage the L.M.S. and the Southern Railways have been making experiments with locomotives converted to burn oil, and in future the railways may be able to do without coal. Here we see the tanks of an engine being filled with oil



Electrifying a Terminus—Cannon Street Station, London, has been closed for three weeks to enable hundreds of men, working day and night, to remodel the terminus in readiness for the new electric trains. This picture shows the machinery under a signal-box being dismantled

THE WONDER SHOWS OF LONG AGO—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JULY

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency; R/R